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REMINISCENCES

OF A

LITERARY AND CLERICAL LIFE.

REMINISCENCES

OF A

LITERARY AND CLERICAL LIFE.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "THREE-CORNERED ESSAYS," ETC.

In Two Volumes.

VOL. II.

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CHAPTER I.

IN THE WEST COUNTRY.

The condition of health which I have mentioned, very much determined my course for all future years. Except for very occasional years in London, I have always lived south of London, principally on the coast, or very near it, contriving, however, to be in London a longer or shorter time each year. I became by means of my experience, in a small way, a kind of authority on climatology, and indeed contributed a chapter on the subject to a medical work. I know pretty well all the south coast of England, from Broadstairs to Penzance, and beyond to the Scilly Isles. I have stayed, more or less,

at Hastings, Eastbourne, Ventnor, Bournemouth, Dawlish, Torquay, Plymouth, and in different places on the southern Cornish seaboard. I have been down the whole northern coast of Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall, making some stay, more or less, at the best-known places. The localities where I found the best protection against the severities of the English winter, and I may also say the severities of the English summer, were Hastings, Ventnor, and Torquay, where you get some measure of protection from the cliffs. I also went all down the south coast of Wales, staying some time at Cardiff, the bays of the peninsula of Gower, Southerdown, Tenby, and round to Aberystwith. I found that I could pass the winters and springs, with care, very tolerably, with the exception of one very serious relapse of some months at Dawlish, another in town, and some weeks at Eastbourne. In after years I took up my quarters at those places on the south coast which were in the easiest connection with London. When I was in town, or near it, I mainly took my holidays on the Continent. Finally I tried the south coast of France for the winter. Two winters, many years back, I passed

on the Cotswolds, and found the dry, bracing air beautiful. To this day I cannot settle the question about the respective merits of a cold climate or a warm climate in chest cases. The doctors will say that they respectively suit different kinds of cases, or perhaps the same cases at different times. The Brompton Hospital people have sent out patients, with not very prosperous results, to Madeira, to try the warm climate; it is to be wished that they would send out another detachment to Davos, to try the effect of the cold. I have twice ventured to pass a winter in London since the time of my last chapter, being, however, very much improved in health, and suffering comparatively little. I did not venture to do so for years, but I thought I had fixed myself in London for the winter, when a good friend and physician, Theodore Williams, dropped in upon me one night to say from himself, and from his father, that I must get out of town, and not think of remaining there for the winter. I remember being struck with two reasons which my friendly doctor gave. One was that it was impossible to keep your feet unaffected by the penetrating mire of the London streets, and the

other that the wind charged down the tall narrow streets as through an Alpine pass. Of course I took his advice, and once more found a home on the south coast. Some of these experiences I shall expand in the following pages. I trust I may be excused these apparently egotistical details; but I am not without the hope that they may be of use to some of my friends. Unfortunately there is hardly a single family in England that has not some member who suffers in some such way as myself.

I was able to preserve the sole charge of a parish on the south coast of Cornwall, between the rivers which I came to know and love so well, the Fal and the Fowey. A rather curious incident happened in this, the first of many journeys to the western country. I had occasion to call on Upton Richards, of All Saints' Margaret Church, so beloved and reverenced by many. Mr. Richards had relatives among the west country folk, whom I came to know, and he told me that he had his meat sent up from that neighbourhood, and only paid eightpence a pound for the best joints. When I got to Exeter I went to see the fine market there, and found exactly the prices which he had mentioned. I wrote a short letter to *The*

Times, which they inserted, which led to a war about prices in that great newspaper, and I believe to some temporary diminution of the same.

It so happened that the vicarage which I took had a very good reputation in the county, having been—immediately before the Incumbent whose place I was taking—held by a man of some mark and fortune in the county, and still living in the diocese, and this brought me within a considerable range of people and places. I continued there for many months, and for many months more I moved about leisurely, staying at places in the diocese of Exeter, exploring it with some thoroughness, and coming to know and love Devonshire best of all. Once, and once only, I saw its Bishop, the venerable Philpotts, then in extreme old age. But I think I never paid even a flying visit to Torquay without going to that charming Anstice Cove, opposite his house, and then taking boat to Babbacombe.

I was able to work this wonderful western country the more thoroughly because, with certain drawbacks, I had also some special advantages. Some London publishers kindly allowed me, even at that distance, to edit a monthly periodical for them, which I did,

to translate a familiar Greek phrase, not as I could wish, but as I could. Then there were some periodicals, one especially, which were wishing to receive "topographical" papers. For a time I also took some work on deputation for a most admirable religious society, and, indeed, had some work of this kind for more than one society. This necessarily brought me into acquaintance with some delightful people and most enjoyable surroundings. The only drawback in kind people getting up parties and taking me about was that, while thus engaged, I had only scanty leisure for reading, writing, and meditation.

I took also another sole charge in the diocese, which terminated suddenly by the death of the Rector. In the interregnum I lived "in my own hired house," as St. Paul said. During the interregnum I was chiefly able to do the travelling and the writing. But I always put the church work first, and the literary work second, trying as much as I could to dovetail the one into the other. If I had not work of this sort, I made it, and offered help to any one who would accept my services as a friend. But practically there were not many Sundays that I could put at the disposal of my brethren.

The great house in the Cornish parish of which I first took charge on going westward was in the occupation of a very distinguished man, who had a seat in Parliament. The owner, who had also been many years in Parliament, had built himself a house by the seaside, a position which he thought might improve his impaired health. It is one great merit of Cornwallian squires of old territorial standing, that they show great hospitality to the clergyman, for the sake of his calling, if not for his own. The squire of the parish is of course the great landowner, whether commoner or belted earl. This laudable custom is rather getting out of fashion among the *nouveaux riches*—those who have purchased but not inherited vast domains. These gentlemen and their wives showed me the greatest hospitality and kindness. It was, however, a matter of much regret to me that though these gentlemen agreed very well with me, they agreed very ill with one another. There is always one subject that is likely to cause discord among country gentlemen, and that is the subject of game. I have known the peace of the whole countryside disturbed on account of some ridiculous quarrel about a pheasant. I was dining with the tenant of the Hall one day.

I remember that although we were almost or quite within sound of the beating of the sea, and close by were boats and fishermen, yet the fish had come all the way from Billingsgate.

"I have been looking at my game-book," said the Hon. M.P., "and I see that you have had nothing since that woodcock with the pheasants. The fact is the landlord shamefully neglects to keep up the game. What is the good of my paying for shooting over fourteen thousand acres if there is nothing to shoot? The fact is that, between you and me, the fellow is no gentleman."

Lunching with the ex-M.P. a few days after, he also ventilated his grievance about the game.

"I have not sent you any game, my dear friend, for the simple reason that I had none to send. My tenant, who takes all my land for his shooting, never by any chance sends me anything that I may send to my friends. I suppose that as he is a Member of Parliament he must be a respectable man, but, between ourselves, he is no gentleman."

Each made an appeal to me to confirm him in his view, and to each I made this identical answer:

"My good sir, as I go about as a parson, I see so

much of real poverty and real misery, that I confess that this controversy about a few birds simply surprises and amuses me."

A very interesting man whom I used to meet was Colonel Peard, known everywhere as "Garibaldi's Englishman." He had a lovely house, near the Fowey river, at a place called St. Sampson's, in the genial climate of South Cornwall. As you walked among the roses of his garden and saw him busy with his plants, kindly in talk, charitable in life, and simple and hearty in hospitality, one hardly realised the terrible scenes in which he had been an actor; more especially as he himself was very chary in referring to them.

I remember being on the Fowey river one day before dining with him. I had come across a salmon, with a piece bitten out of him by an otter. There was a boat with three men fishing in it, who were wishing to sell me all their takings for a couple of shillings. In out of the way corners of Cornwall, I have known large red mullets and woodcocks sold at fourpence apiece, there being no railway, which explains things. A penny a pound was a common price to give for the cod sold along this coast. I

always associate my fishing experiences with Colonel Peard's place.

One thing that Colonel Peard did was, that when Garibaldi started from Sicily to Naples, he seized the telegraph office at Salerno. He then played a very adroit move which was quite fair in war. Pretending to be the official director of the Salerno telegraph office, he sent an official despatch to the Minister of War at Naples, stating that Garibaldi with some thousand men was hourly expected, and that he would strongly advise the King to withdraw his troops or otherwise they would certainly be cut off. The move was quite successful. The inquiry was made, what had become of a certain column of Royal troops; and the simulated answer was, that they had joined Garibaldi. Then King Francis despaired. He sent off his plate to a foreign vessel and presently took himself off as well, never to return. Then Garibaldi, with his Englishman, made an entrance into Naples.

When he came to England, after Aspromonte, in 1864, he paid a visit to Colonel Peard before he returned to Italy.

With the quaint old town and the beautiful harbour of Fowey I was greatly delighted, and became

very familiar. I several times enjoyed the hospitalities of Plâce—the word being, I suppose, an abbreviation for Palace—and a veritable palace it is. The Treffry of my time was a Dr. Treffry, who, being both Squire and Vicar, lived in patriarchal fashion, and was Church and State combined. He had been a poor clergyman with a large family in the Scilly Islands, and was first in succession to the property by the Treffry, famous in Cornish history, who carried on in the Cornish peninsula great works worthy of Government. This Treffry used to say that he did not know what he was worth and what he was not worth. He might leave a fortune, or, it might be, hardly enough to bury him. He put my friend into the succession, and, much to his satisfaction, the property turned out a very fine one. The worthy doctor told me that he was a kinsman of the sick man's, and the only reason he could ever think of why he had a place in his will was, that he had never, in the least degree, troubled him with the fact of his existence.

The porphyry hall at Plâce is very noble, and has several associations with Royalty. The Queen mentions her visit in her journal. When Her Majesty had entered Plâce, she was invited to take a certain chair.

She was told that it was a chair that had once been occupied by Queen Elizabeth. "In that case, I'll not sit in it!" said Queen Victoria, and she at once rose up, emphasizing the mighty differences that exist between the two great Queens. When the Prince and Princess of Wales visited Fowey, they were greatly pleased with the porphyry hall, and Dr. Treffry told the Princess that he should be glad to be allowed to present her with a porphyry table. He afterwards went to lunch on board the Royal yacht.

Tennyson, in search of health, came down to Fowey. He called in the local doctor, who was with difficulty persuaded to take a fee. He made a hole in the coin and strung it round his neck, saying that it would always be a memorial of his having attended the Laureate. So to speak, I repeatedly "made tracks" after Tennyson.

I remember one day going to the assizes at Bodmin to hear trials. It is in the assize courts that one picks up the best hints of provincial character. I have seen novelists, day after day, attending such courts, who have utilised their experience in the construction of their stories. I must say that I was not very favourably impressed by the jury of Cornishmen. There was

a perfectly plain case, and the jury seemed to take an interminable time in making up their minds. I was sitting near the judge—the kind-hearted, pleasant Baron Channell—and he turned round and made a remark to me on the time that Cornish juries took in making up their minds about their verdicts. "Yes," I said; "and it seems to me that when they make up their minds, they do so in the wrong way. I think, my lord, that the verdict in that last case was certainly wrong." "You are quite right," answered the judge. "Without a doubt that verdict was a mistake." Encouraged by this, I proceeded to say that the verdict in the case before was also wrong. The Baron answered that he was not prepared to say that, as it was just the matter for the opinion of the jury.

I met one or two of the jury in the evening, and discussed the trials with them. I told them that they had had a perfectly fair judge. "That's just so," returned the juryman. "He was a deal too fair. We felt like pigs in a poke. He gave us no help at all how we ought to settle it."

Channell was a very kind-hearted judge. He especially detested having to try murder cases. There was a dreadful murder case, known as the Aylesbury

murder, which he had to try. Lady Channell wrote to a friend of mine, saying that the judge had taken to his bed for several days; he was so dismayed in having to preside at such a trial. The man who has the hardest work to do with convicted murderers is the prison chaplain. I knew one of these chaplains whose nerves were completely shattered, and who took to his bed for several weeks after his ministrations to a man who was hung.

What is human fame, after all? Every celebrity is only one, in his own department and his own set. I met an old friend, a noble lord, who had been staying at a grand house in the west. He said: "I met a man there called Hayward — Abraham Hayward, I think, was his name—who said he would be happy to see me if I called on him in town. Who is Abraham Hayward? I never heard of the man!" I hastened to explain that Mr. Hayward was a man of great distinction, and that in my opinion, as a man with a tincture of letters, any peer might be flattered by a request of Mr. Hayward's to call on him. "Never heard of the man in all my life," said my friend.

Another pleasant story came to me from the same great house. There was a conversation one

day upon a question which has been very much agitated in its time — whether a man can marry on three hundred pounds a year. "I can only say," said a distinguished statesman who was present, "that when I said to my wife here, 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow,' so far from having three hundred pounds, I very much question whether, when my debts were paid, I was really worth three hundred pence." "But then, my dear," said the loving wife, "you had your splendid abilities!" "I didn't endow you with them, ma'am, did I?"

The story has got abroad, but it is a good one, and quite authentic, within my knowledge.

In these out-of-the-way places one sometimes hears curious stories. There was the Incumbent of a small parish who had the misfortune of not being on good terms with his people. It is very easy for this to happen to an incumbent, for if, with a thousand good points, he has a want of tact, his people are swift to perceive, and some of them rejoice in resenting it. The congregation of this church testified their disapproval of something or other by declining to put anything in the plate. The churchwarden came up to the rails entirely empty-handed. Then said the

Rector: "Give me the plate; I shall take it round myself." He accordingly made a circuit of the sacred edifice in an entirely ineffectual way. He then addressed the people: "Under the melancholy circumstances of this morning, I shall decline to pronounce the blessing. You will accordingly return to your homes without any blessing." And with this minor excommunication he sent them away.

I had been down in the Lizard country, and I met Edwin Arnold, one of the Inspectors of Schools, near Helston. In those days Mr. Arnold used to meet me with all the regularity of a recurring decimal. I remember meeting him at dinner at Point Neptune, off Fowey, the marine villa of the Rashleighs of Menabilly, and again on the Fal river, and elsewhere. He was a tall, handsome, intellectual man, and a universal favourite in the two counties, where every house seemed open to him. I am afraid he found that the school-work inspection, with its unceasing, monotonous pressure, was rather too much for his health. "I have left such a curious little man at the inn," said H.M. Inspector, "he is talking about Stier, the German commentator, and the place where Stier lived, which seems to have been a home of

Luther's, and he is very full of the famous Vatican manuscript, and has something to say about Cardinal Mai's edition. He belongs to this western country, he says."

"There are only two men in this part of the country who could talk on these subjects," I answered. "One is Scrivener and the other Tregelles. I know Scrivener, but don't recognise him from your description. He must be Tregelles. *Aut Tregelles aut Diabolus.*"

When we got to the inn, there was a little man sitting on the head of a sofa, talking away in an admirable style on a recondite branch of knowledge. H.M. Inspector and I drew him on by remarks at which he was "likely to rise," and he talked like a printed book on manuscripts and editions of the New Testament. When the talk had gone on, I said:

"I think, sir, that your name must be Tregelles."

He was rather startled. "Oh, eh! What makes you say that? How do you know me?"

I explained that I had evolved him out of my own consciousness. I knew something of his writings, and had been able to identify him from some law of the higher criticism.

I commenced a pleasant acquaintance with him, that lasted up to the time of his lamented death. I spent a few months in Plymouth, and used to visit him at his little house. At times he came to me. Very different to some worldly-minded men who have attained great distinction through Biblical scholarship, the whole mind and nature of Tregelles seemed thoroughly penetrated and suffused by the sacred task to which his intellectual labours were devoted. In every visit he made, in every letter he wrote, that bright, genuine piety was conspicuous, and it was the fault of his friends if they were not the better and wiser for their intercourse with him.

I found Plymouth a delightful centre for excursions. My friends were good enough to put me down at the Royal Yacht Club, on the Hoe, which I have always considered the very best provincial club that I know. I spent many happy hours in wandering about the neighbourhood of the Tamar and the Tavy, and had the good fortune of forming an acquaintance with Mrs. Bray, the Devonshire novelist.

From Cornwall I passed into Devonshire. For a time I had a pleasant cottage at Torquay. Not so

many years ago, that it is beyond the recollection of men now living, a cluster of humble houses nestled beneath the tall cliffs of Torre, near its rude and tiny quay. Two deep valleys, separated by steep hills, converge here, where a secondary and more retired bay withdraws itself from the wider expanse of Torbay. In those days of the French wars the Channel Fleet would often take refuge within Torbay, for its safe anchorage and its abundant means of watering. Many of the naval officers would leave their wives and children at the village, having found for them a cheap and pleasant house, easy of access to themselves when there was a chance of coming home. The place was retired enough, and even lonely, but it had its beauty and its advantages. The waves sparkled and broke against cliffs, which not as yet were levelled and smoothed into macadamised roads. The shrill scream of the railway whistle was then a sound unborn. The roll of chariot wheels was then most rarely heard. Sometimes the stag, roused from its last lair on Dartmoor, might take the water at Torbay. Then a gay company would sweep by the shore and speedily disappear through the shadowy combes into the broad

and somewhat bleak countryside beyond. At times a chance tourist or artist might wander here, led by the report of its secluded loveliness. Otherwise, the main inhabitants were the fishermen, who made their living on the waters, and spread out their nets on the rocks to the sun. But the maidens of the place, who had not in those days learned to analyse their emotions, and be critical in the terminology of scenic beauty, would find abundance to gratify their inborn love of nature and the picturesque. For them there was the tiny village, shrouded in woods, beneath the rocks; the mysterious chasms and clefts on the high grounds; the wooded combes, which gently shelved down to the beach of fine shells or whitest sand; the lonely hill chapel, dedicated to some good, but forgotten saint, with its single room, where some lonely priest once said orisons and vespers; and the long, shaded lanes, whose large timber trees here and there interlaced to form a natural arcade. Nearer home was the ancient abbey of Tor, or rather, the remains, which gave an abbatial character to the modern house of the Carys. It was possible then and even now, besides the antique gate-house, to find the chapter-house, and the old masses of the

chapel, and the refectory, and the grange; and now, as then, were there thick avenues of lime and elm which gave perfect shadow and coolness on the hottest summer day. The waters of the bay were teeming with stores of fish; but the means of transit to great cities hardly existed, and what business there was, was done at Brixham, the commercial metropolis of Torbay. Here lived, some time ago, the gentle pastor who wrote the sweet strain, commencing, "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide."

Visitors who came to Torquay to look at the combes and caverns, and explore the rocky islets, found that their hopes were absurdly sanguine upon refreshments or on relays of horses. Anything in the way of fashion was due to the few villas which were proudly possessed by the adjacent village of Paignton, which, moreover, boasted a quaint tower by the churchyard, wherein the natives said that good Miles Coverdale translated the Bible. Once, at least, there came to the secluded inhabitants of Torre, and hard by its quay, a sensation hardly to be rivalled in these days of sensationalism.

The great French war was at last over, and there lay in the naval roadstead a certain man-of-war

called the *Bellerophon,* in which the imperial eagle of France was caged at last. The bay was all alive with boats, and everything in the shape of a boat which its shores possessed was put into requisition—plying around the vessel if haply a glance could be obtained of Napoleon Bonaparte. I am glad to know that the family of the Abbey sent the fallen hero presents of grapes and peaches from their garden.

As Napoleon looked across Torbay to the wooded shores beyond, he murmured: "What a beautiful country! How much it resembles Porto Ferrajo in Elba."

At the present day if you should venture to stay on the waters till after dark, you will see how coronals of light rest on the cliffs, and chains of light run up the valleys. I do not know whether Torquay is really the queen of watering-places, as she claims to be, for there was never yet any watering-place which did not lay claim to this proud distinction; but, like Ephraim, she certainly wears "a crown of pride" in these palaces on the cliffs. You will own that Torquay is certainly unique, at least, among watering-places. In the crowned cliffs in the almost lake-like

bay, in the almost lawn-like meadows, you see a framework of outer scenery in which a town is very rarely set. You soon discover what is the governing peculiarity of Torquay. It is hardly so much a town as it is a congeries of villas. It has roads rather than it has streets. As for the town, it is something of a puzzle to you. You come to a venerable tree, within a stone's throw of the water's edge, which wears its green honours late—a tree carefully tended and guarded, and the tree is an appropriate centre for a climatic town. There is a row of handsome shops here, boulevard-like, facing the little harbour, and as Torquay now contains many thousand inhabitants, there is a very business-like street of smaller shops running up to Torre, suited for every variety of purse or cheque-book; but the streets and "the town" do not really make up Torquay. Torquay really consists of the roads and the villas, as the land entirely, or almost entirely, belongs to the Palks and the Carys; it is laid out somewhat in a determinate way and fixed plan. For miles you pass ranges of villas, detached or semi-detached, each of these — to use the phrase of an old author — "set in much greenerie and abundance;" the gardens

adorned with the fleeting roses of each month, and the shrubberies dense with luxuriant evergreens. It is to be said of these villas, also, that they are more substantially built than modern houses are, cunningly adjusted to the sunshine and the breeze, and fitted to meet the necessities of wealthy invalids. That tiny quay, which gave a brief run by rail, brings you from the somewhat languid climate of Torquay to the clear bracing air of Dartmoor.

In my frequent sojourns in the West of England, I used repeatedly to visit the Dartmoor region. On one occasion, when I was about to take up my abode at the "Duchy Hotel," at Princetown, I sent a letter to the Home Secretary requesting an order to visit the great convict prison. I had a very good time on Dartmoor, wandering far and wide, by the trout streams and the tors, and obtained introductions to the clergyman of the parish, and to the chaplain and the governor of the prison. I may here mention that, as a rule, governors and chaplains invariably quarrel, generally speaking on the subject of the prison discipline. They showed me all over the prison, and made me thoroughly acquainted with every detail. At this time that "unhappy nobleman," the Claimant, was languishing in Dartmoor prison. The officials

would not point him out to me, but said that he was one of a gang that would presently be trolling by me. Although I had seen him during the great trial, his weight had been so greatly reduced that I was unable to recognise him. They showed me, however, an ill-written, ill-spelt letter, which he had just written to the Home Secretary. In this letter he proposed to make a solemn promise that if he obtained his release he would go away from England, and would never come back to this country again; "but," added the Claimant, "I hereby give you notice that this offer only holds good for one calendar month from the date thereof, and after that time I refuse to accept release unless by a direct vote of the House of Commons."

It was arranged between myself and the chaplain that I should take part in the services of the prison church on the following Sunday. The good chaplain had a great affection for his remarkable congregation. I wished to gather some hints about the best way of speaking to them, and I asked him what sort of people they were.

"What sort of people!" he exclaimed, with a slightly offended air, "why, very nice people—quite up to the level of any average congregation."

There was a celebration of the Holy Communion that morning, and it was a very striking scene. Various people residing in the little town were there, and communicated at the same time as the convicts. It was the only occasion in which the prisoners were brought into close contact with ordinary human life. The flagons of silver were of great size, and the first convict who partook probably drank half a pint of wine. I found afterwards that restrictions were placed on the number of convicts that were permitted to attend. When it was the good chaplain's turn to preach, he took as his text, "Take no thought, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself." It struck me that there must be an unconscious vein of irony in such a discourse as this. The poor fellows only wished that they had a chance of taking thought for the morrow; all their morrows were sufficiently provided for by a paternal Government for a long time to come.

After I had thoroughly explored the prison, and in fact had written an article about it in one of the London weeklies, I gathered up my traps to continue my journey further west. Just before I started a packet was placed in my hand from the

Home Office, in which the Secretary of State expressed his deep regret that I could on no account be permitted to visit the prison.

One man with whom I used to have some pleasant chats on Dartmoor was Perrot, the well-known guide, who used to be found at Chagford. There was an idea in the Chagford mind that if Perrot had his rights, he would come in for a baronetcy and an estate. He was an admirable guide, and could not only pick out all the good points to show you, but could help the road with varied talk. He was greatly impressed with Charles Kingsley, who knew and loved Dartmoor thoroughly. One day he bewailed to Perrot that he could give so little time to Dartmoor. Perrot answered that he supposed a fine gentleman like him could come as often as he liked, and stop as long as he liked. Kingsley assured him that this was not the case, and that he could afford to come very rarely. He sat down and summed up the state of things to Mr. Perrot. He had so much duty to perform, and so much literary work to do, so that there were very few days on which he could afford to take himself off to see the Dartmoor scenery, and to fish the Dartmoor streams—

there are some seventy of them, all told. One day, near Princetown, when the light was getting dim and the way rugged, Kingsley, with his rapid paces, overtook two girls. The young ladies were nervous, and hurried onwards, but Kingsley was up with them in a moment. "Don't be fr-fr-frightened, young ladies," he stammered. "I am a clergyman, and my name is Kingsley, and I will see you safely into the town." I hope the young ladies properly appreciated the honour of being conducted by such a distinguished literary character. I knew a young lady who dined with the greatest of our poets, and all she remembered of his conversation was that "he liked his mutton in wedges." Kingsley was a man who ever made it a rule to condescend to men of low estate. I once worked with a man who had been his curate, and his life seems to have been a beautiful consistency with whatever was best and brightest in his life. When there was a case of infectious fever in the village, and no one else would come, Kingsley sat up at night with the sick man, and his wife did the same thing the next night.

The change was very great when from the

cultivated trees you came on to the moors; you soon left behind you the brawling Tavy, and mansions embowered in foliage, and the girdle of beauty and cultivation. Looking backward, behind the clouds, you saw the light of sunshine resting on the fields; but from every quarter clouds and mists were gathering up to over-canopy the moor. The hedges yielded to stone walls, which protected a few sparse "takings-in," as the reclaimed tracts are called. Resting for a while, and entering into chance converse, you heard strange stories, whether tradition or authentic narrative, of what had happened in the region. Going back to the time of the war, there were the tales—only too authentic, I fear—of the time when many thousand prisoners were shut up in buildings utterly insufficient for their accommodation, and no provision being made to mitigate the severity of the Siberian winter, the weak died off in thousands. Coming to nearer time, I was told how the belated traveller has perished from exhaustion in a snow storm on the high road; how the streams purling over stones would suddenly swell into huge volumes of water, and threaten to bear away their bridges; how men are easily lost in the

mists, and it is their best chance to lie down and wait for the morning; how soldiers, journeying from Plymouth, have been overwhelmed and have perished in the snowdrift; how convicts have escaped from prison and, being lost on the moor, have surrendered themselves in weariness and despair.

I remember that one day I made a tourist visit to Endsleigh, the most lovely and secluded of ducal residences, and rather removed from the ordinary beat of tourists. It belongs to the Duke of Bedford, who has not, however, visited it since the days of his youth. An inscription on one of the buildings records that "Endsleigh Cottage was built and a residence erected in this sequestered valley by John, Duke of Bedford, the spot having been previously chosen from the natural and picturesque beauties which surround it, by Georgina, Duchess of Bedford. The first stone of the building was laid by her four eldest sons." The beauties of the place are indeed very great. The cottage *orné* is connected with another cottage, which serves for school-room and guest-chambers, by an Italian verandah, from which you obtain a terrace view of an extreme beauty such as belongs to dreams. At the foot of the valley the Tamar flows fast over its

rocky bed, at this time swollen by recent rains, arched towards the end of its course by the Royal Albert Bridge at Saltash, and expanding into a broad estuary. As the river wanders "at its own sweet will," the surrounding hills, densely covered with woods, rise into an amphitheatre. From the lawn, magnificently laid out with flower-beds, you obtain a picturesque peep of a woodman's cottage across the river, where a boat is kept; and, on either side of the stream, are private roads which wander for many miles through the woods. The house itself, built by Wyatville—whose efforts deserve more praise than are now generally accorded to them—with a few pictures, a good selection of old works, and a statuette, in an external recess, of Earl Grey engaged in reading the Reform Act, is of secondary importance to the gardens and landscapes. The disused dairy, in its dell, is almost chapel-like with its painted glass, while the rockery, the grotto, the rosery, the terraces, open up wonderful views, and show the culmination of the gardener's art. The constant presence of water, and the admirable way in which it is managed, forms a peculiar feature of Endsleigh. A fountain faces the orange and lemon

trees blossoming in the open air; a taller fountain rises amid the firs and fern-covered rocks near the conservatories, which are rather small and crowded. From the high grounds above the cottage little streams run down towards the river, or the small, shadowed lake; a stream in a granite basin skirts the gardens; there are continual spoutings from granite lips, and on the cushioned seats of the verandah you are well-nigh lulled to sleep by the sound of flowing or falling water.

An interesting circumstance happened when I was staying at Tavistock, the little town on the Tavy, which brawls past on its rocky bed. Fifty-three years before this time Lord John Russell had been first sent to Parliament by the little town of Tavistock, and now, in the advanced evening of his days, after his last term of power and final ejection from office, he came back to Tavistock to give an address at a meeting of the Devonian Institute. Lord Lytton, in his noblest fiction, introduces a defeated statesman, who, after many years' political turmoil, returns at last to the little borough which first gave him an entrance into political life. The literal facts were not far removed from the imaginary

case. Lord Russell came over from Endsleigh with a number of his kindred, and with many of the friends and tenants of the ruling Duke, the sun around which all the Tavistock neighbourhood revolves.

This interesting event was almost entirely overlooked by the London papers. The whole thing was so quiet and remote that a few *savants*, who read papers, read the same over again at the ensuing meeting of the British Association.

Lord Russell showed great signs of age. I myself was sitting very close to him, and I do not think I lost a single syllable; but though the room was small, many heard indistinctly, and some hardly heard at all. He was quite, in Homeric phrase, an articulately-speaking man, but his voice could not rise above a low key, and frequently drooped in the closing words of a sentence. I had heard him speak in the House and at the London Guildhall, but to see him read his speech was a novel and a curious sight. He read it very badly. No young curate preaching his first sermon could have handled his manuscript more gingerly. Owing to nervousness, or some other physical reason, his hand trembled very

much, and he did not quite regain his firmness during his three-quarters-of-an-hour address. Almost from the first he failed to fasten the attention of that large part of any audience who prefer manner and fluency to substance.

For myself, I was greatly interested in the speech. He made one curious mistake—he spoke of the author of the "Promessi Sposi" as Mazzini, instead of Manzoni. Sir John Bowring, who was sitting near, gave a start of intelligent horror; but I believe the work was for a time attributed to Massimo d'Azeglio. His chief topic was an argument against the truism — which, like all truisms, is half untrue — that "nations rise and fall, flourish and decay." He did not, in the least degree, believe in Macaulay's New Zealander. Lord Russell was quite right, although he did not see the way in which he was right. The fact is that Christianity introduced a pledge of political permanence which has been altogether wanting to the elder Empires. Lord Russell's remarks struck me as being those of an imperfect Christian. With characteristic presumption he declared that Arians and Athanasians were all on the same level. I was very pleased with one

sentence, which he spoke very feelingly, and which displayed "the old man eloquent," and which really touched his audience. Adapting a familiar line of Shakespeare, he told them that "the poet's eye, glancing from earth to heaven, has borrowed from earth the best colours of human life, and from heaven the ray of eternal love, which smiles on our virtues, and carries consolation to our sorrows and repentance."

In Devonshire I was treated with boundless hospitality. I was staying somewhere near the centre of the county on the confines of Dartmoor. I was taking charge of a parish, as I mentioned, one of the smallest parishes in England, the only two houses being the Rectory and the Hall, and the population beyond the two houses consisting entirely of labourers on the estate. The pillared Hall overlooked a lovely expanse of park with glade and water. Church and State, that is to say, parson and squire, lived on terms of most loving amity. There was no hospitality or kindness that could be rendered by a neighbour but was freely supported by the squire. His house became practically a second home when I came into his part of the country, and as he had a born taste for farming,

and knew all the country and all the country-folk, the intimacy was most pleasant and useful to me. I got such an insight into Devonshire ways, driving, fishing, marketing, and so on, that the whole interior life of the county seemed to open up to me. Long after I had given up residing in the neighbourhood, I used to make friendly visits to the squire. In the adjacent parish there used to live the most remarkable instance I have known of the squire parson. He was a man who had read much, thought more, and travelled far. He stood alone among his poor, and treated them as if they were princes. The poorest church-going parishioner in his turn came to dine at his table. His church, in structure, music, ornamentation, was gradually rendered very perfect. He was one of the best-read clergymen in the diocese in ecclesiastical literature, perhaps the very best. If you wanted to verify a quotation from the Fathers, or to fix the decree of a Council, the point would be made exceedingly clear to you, and no trouble would be spared for your enlightenment. He has in many visits and with many kindnesses taken me about the two counties. I remember staying with him, too, for a time at a house which he had at Norwood. It was next door to Sims

Reeves, and I was sorry to notice how, even in the summer evening, the great vocalist was obliged carefully to wrap up his throat. I often recur, with grateful recollections, to these pleasant times at Clannaborough and Down St. Mary.

I remember going with my friendly squarson to spend the day at Pynes, at the charming Rectory-house, which the Rector and his wife had made very beautiful, restoring the church at the same time. We went a long drive, some seventeen miles, across country through the steep Devonshire lanes in a dog-cart and pair. Our host and hostess gave us a very pleasant day. He was the son of the late Lord Chichester, and she was the daughter of the first Lord Wolverton. Her mother was one of six wonderful sisters, all of whom married remarkable men, daughters of Mr. Grenfell. One married Charles Kingsley; another married Mr. Froude, the historian; another, Lord Sidney Godolphin Osborne; another married Mr. Walrond; another married a distinguished Indian judge; another, perhaps the prettiest and wisest, married Mr. Glynn, the banker, afterwards Lord Wolverton.

Pynes looked in wonderful beauty the day I was

there, and the charming hostess, amid roses and honeysuckle, expressed a longing that she might be on the London pavement and doing some of the hard work of the Church. Later, she and her husband gave up their lovely Devonshire home for hard work in a London suburb.

Sir Stafford Northcote had placed them there, overlooking the apparent claims of some members of his own family to the pleasant preferment within his gift. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was following an astute financial policy. He had found people who would spend largely on the church and rectory, and make a parish all that a parish should be. He gave his own best care to Pynes. Like Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden, he read the lessons every Sunday, and I believe, also, that he was churchwarden of the parish. One heard everything that was kindly and good about him in his own place and among his own people.

I came to know the beautiful western country extremely well; not only in the earlier years, when I first sought its southern shores for the sake of my health, and did not seek in vain; but for many years I lost no opportunity of extending my know-

ledge of it. I know nearly every little town, bay, and estuary on the south Cornish coasts, which, in their Italian softness, contrast so strongly with the bleak interior, and most of South Devon, including those districts beyond railways—the South Hams — where the primitive folk drink their white beer and look upon "the three towns" pretty much as the *flammantia mœnia mundi*. Dartmoor and Exmoor I have traversed in nearly every direction, and in the country of the Doones, I was told that Mr. Blackmore, the novelist, whom I remember with peculiar pleasure at the time of his gardening days, had some land in the region which he has so eloquently described. I went to the parishes of those famous Devonshire parsons which he has described in his "Maid of Sker," and might write some more chapters, which might amuse but hardly edify, concerning their doings. I went to see the strange crew of the "Devonshire Savages" that then existed to the scandal of the county, not appreciably worse than the Bagworthy villains. I went down off the entire length of the north coast of Cornwall in an old tub of a screw steamer, and the lopping seas made it far away the worst voyage I ever had

in my life. I shall never forget "the thundering shores of Bade and Boss." We drove to Tintagel and Camelford, and all the show places of the region, and this last expedition was of much greater delight. The late Mr. Cook, who was the editor of *The Saturday Review*, had his place in this neighbourhood, and it was his greatest delight and relaxation to drive fast with his team of horses through that wild country, swept by the glorious Atlantic air. I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the late Mr. J. R. King, of Crediton, whom I found the most interesting and instructive of companions in visiting some famous Devonshire scenery. Mr. King wrote the "Handbooks for the English Cathedrals," and, if I remember aright, was the writer of "Murray's Handbook for Devon and Cornwall." He was a most scholarly and estimable man.

Once I traversed the entire length of North Devon. I had been staying at Cardiff, and the head of the dockyard very kindly put a steamer at my disposal to carry me to the opposite coast. I was conducted to my steamer in a kind of state barge, with all the honours. When I was landed at Minster, I think I formed the virtuous determination of walk-

ing straight off the whole length of the county, certainly one of the noblest walks in England. I modified this lofty intention by spending some time in different places on the route, and by taking lifts in traps. I know that there are savage pedestrians who disdain any kind of locomotion, but I confess myself one of the weaker backed. While I was sitting at breakfast at mine inn at Porlock, a carriage drove by containing some friends, who carried me with them to Lynton and Ilfracombe.

At Porlock I made tracks near the late Lord Westbury's. He was a self-assertive man, and asserted himself in various disagreeable ways. I did not know him myself, but my friends, who knew him, said that much of him. He was voted very disagreeable at Torquay. At Porlock he wrote himself down in the visitors' book as "Westbury, Lord High Chancellor." In the well-known hall of the hotel, filled with antlers of the stag, I met an old London banker, who told me that for many years he had brought his horses down to Porlock to hunt the red stag on Exmoor. He told me that as a pedestrian I could get much finer peeps and views on Exmoor than he could obtain on horse-

back, which was true enough, and, to a mere pedestrian, consolatory. A man who lived next door to Lord Westbury, in what was at that time a rather new quarter, north of Hyde Park, told me an amusing story.

Lord Westbury took the house, the rent of which was to be some three or four hundred a year. "But you must know," said the Chancellor, "that I don't mean to give you any rent at all for the first year. You see," he continued, to the aghast landlord, "you very much want these houses filled up, and if I come here it will help to make the neighbourhood." And accordingly he got the house for nothing the first year.

I remember meeting, in a big house in one of the western counties, with one of our ex-Chancellors. I will not go so far as to apply to him the expression applied to Lord Bacon, that he was the Chancellor of Human Nature; but he so bore his immense weight of legal knowledge, that you would hardly have suspected him of being a lawyer; he seemed to touch life on so many points, and was most interesting and instructive in his tales of his travels. We had some amusing talk with him on the subject of his Church

patronage. He said he had a great deal of difficulty in disposing of his Church patronage, that he was honestly anxious to find the best man, but then it was so difficult to know who was the best man. He would honestly confess that he had made one or two appointments out of purely political motives; but for all that his intentions were good, and he had honestly desired to appoint the best man.

It was in these western days that I received a letter from Archdeacon Denison, kindly asking me to come and be his curate. For the honesty and intrepidity of Archdeacon Denison I had always had a positive degree of reverence, which I had derived partly from his writings and partly from what I had seen of him at Church Congresses. I was greatly pleased with his writing to me, and wrote expressing a hope that he would forgive me for saying that I could not go with him on all points, and thought it best not to avail myself of his kind offer. I had a most charming letter in reply, giving me far more credit than I deserved for trying to deal frankly with him.

Some years later I paid a pilgrimage to East Brent, and desired to pay my respects to its dis-

tinguished Vicar. Unfortunately he was away from home. East Brent is a very remarkable place, with an immense mound rising suddenly from the plain. The good Vicar, of his free gift, has brought fresh water to the house of each inhabitant. That wonderful man, Dr. Wolff, concludes his autobiography by saying that the one honest man in all the world is George Anthony Denison.

I stayed on several occasions at the pretty watering-place of Tenby, in which there was some pleasant literary society, and took charge of a country parish in the neighbourhood for ten months. With the caves, cliffs, and castles of Pembrokeshire I was especially delighted. I carefully worked up all that "Little England beyond Wales," including a pilgrimage to St. David's Cathedral. I can well understand how these pilgrimages to St. David's were considered equivalent to a pilgrimage to Rome. I was what is called *locum tenens* of this parish. I remember that three brother clerics signed the customary testimonial, in which they stated that there was no reason why I should not be *locum tenens*. The Bishop of St. David's, Connop Thirlwall, demurred to this; he said that if he accepted such a

paper he would be recognising or creating a new order in the Church of England, that of the *locum tenens*. That was a new order and position of which he had no legal knowledge. He was quite satisfied with my papers, and, as far as he was concerned, I was welcome to stay as long as I liked, but he could not license any one as a *locum tenens*.

The Bishop wonderfully impressed me as a truly great man, more especially from what I read of his Greek History and his Charges. As an undergraduate I had met him in the rooms of the Royal Literary Society, which had merged into a kind of archæological association, in which he explained some Latin inscription to us, and I had heard him speak in the House of Lords. I came over with a lot of divines to Abergwilly Palace, where he gave us everything except his company. He was observed walking about his garden with a book under his arm, and feeding his ducks. He was very fond of reading stories, and of playing with his cats. The old Bishop gave dinner-parties at which he fell asleep, and it became an embarrassing question to his friends whether they would wake him up to say good-bye or allow him to have his sleep out. I am told that he would some

times be found by the servants in his arm-chair in the morning. The Bishop sent me a very civil note, saying that he was sorry that he did not know until after my departure that I was of the number of his guests.

It happened some years after, in the evening of his days, when he was sightless and had resigned his diocese, that I saw something of him. And it was something wonderful to watch the heroic old man. He threw himself with renewed vigour into every intellectual pursuit. Time never seemed to hang heavily on his hands. He had once read something of mine with approbation, and his nephew wrote to say, in language far exceeding my poor deserts, that he was reading out aloud night by night a new work of mine, which seemed to give a new zest to life to the Bishop in his blindness. Of course there was abundance of kindly exaggeration in this, but I put it down as far away the most gratifying circumstance that ever occurred to me in my humble literary history.

I could fill many pages if my space allowed with reminiscences of waterfalls. I remember exploring the country of the waterfalls of the Neath Valley, and

there was one waterfall, I think Melincourt, underneath which you might take refuge from a storm. I did something in exploring that wonderful mountain country from which the smokeless steam-coal is brought to the wharves of Swansea and Cardiff. Some medical men at Merthyr Tydvil kindly took me and gave me the opportunity of seeing those marvellous iron-works at Dowlais with their lurid fires. Through the kindness of some wealthy coal-mine proprietors, I had introductions to their agents in the Rhondda Valley. They showed a most profuse hospitality, and under their guidance I made some curious underground expeditions at a great depth. On one occasion I found it easier to go down than to come to the surface again, and one of the managers who took me about very nearly lost his life a short time later.

I saw something also of some famous Welsh castles. In Pembrokeshire I was for a day or two the guest of Mr. Phillips, of Picton Castle. I frequently met him—an interesting man, with a striking history, that rather reminded me of Bishop Tait's history. He had been Vicar of Madeley, in Shropshire, the parish of the saintly Fletcher, the duties of which

he discharged with something of Fletcher's unction and power. He had the misfortune of losing most of his children by scarlatina. Soon after this calamity, by the death of his half-brother, Lord Milford, he came into possession of Picton Castle estate, quite a principality within the principality. Picton Castle is one of the most interesting in the world. It has been inhabited without any break for eight hundred consecutive years. It has been its rare good fortune to suffer no siege or partial demolition. The Castle was quite a piece of petrified history. What the clergyman liked best of all was that he was able to appoint himself to a living at Haverfordwest, where he was able to carry on his work on old lines —a difficult thing for an incumbent with fifteen thousand a year. There was another Welsh country clergyman who, with still larger means, effectively did so. Mr. Phillips did not much enjoy his great position, becoming afflicted with a cruel malady, of which he ultimately died.

Another castle of which I had some knowledge was the Castle of Cardiff, once the prison of Robert of Normandy, which, while on the one hand it goes back to a hoar antiquity, is now chiefly conspicuous

for its modern towers—the work of the present Lord Bute. The present important town, with its docks, warehouses, and railways, is the creation of the last Lord Bute, of the Bute trustees, and of the present Marquis. The story of its progress and development is a wonderful chapter in what I may call industrial romance.

A great strike occurred while I was in this neighbourhood. I knew well the valley where it happened, as I used to run up by train, and sometimes walked across the mountains into the lateral valleys. The coal trade of the south of Wales had been in a condition of inflated prosperity, but when a season of great depression set in, the coal proprietors made a slight reduction of wages. About 70,000 men and boys struck for more than three months. I knew enough of some of the great proprietors to make sure that they were anxious to do justice to the men, and that some of them had been working their mines without any profit. I talked both with masters and men, and with every sympathy for the men I was unable to see the justice of their demand. At last the strikers gave way. In a few weeks' time the spring set in, and trade brightened. The

owners at once gave up the reduction, and a little later raised all wages.

I must give one word here to my excellent friend, Dr. Williams, the late Dean of Llandaff. He was a very able man, a good scholar, and had been a contributor in his day to *The Edinburgh*. When I knew him, his health was greatly broken down by the severest and most persistent neuralgia that ever came within my knowledge. But all through he preserved in a wonderful way his freshness of mind and sweetness of manner. He knew, if any man knew, how to suffer and be strong.

One year, and one year only, while in the west, I took my share in political speaking. It happened quite accidentally. It was the year of the Dissolution on the question of the Irish Church—quite a clergyman's question. I held then, and have always held, that that Disestablishment was one of our very gravest political errors. I was coming back from Tenby, and on my road home I accidentally fell in with a public meeting that was being held in the market-place of a neighbouring town, and was hauled on the platform by some friends, and was requested to make a speech. Nothing loth, I complied. One of my speeches was

well reported in one of the local journals—I looked over the proof myself—and was copied into one of the London papers. I had requests to speak at some other meetings, with which I complied. Some of these scenes were highly exciting, and being on the unpopular side I was greatly howled at and had to be protected from the hall by the police. The candidate at one of these places was Mr. Hardinge Giffard, the present Lord Chancellor, who was hardly permitted to open his lips during the contest, in which he was defeated. I remember the vigour with which in public and private he denounced the evil doings of Mr. Gladstone; I remember having an argument with him one day on some difference between clergymen and barristers. I said that, as a rule, on any subject a barrister would fling himself into an adversative position, and want triumph; but that a parson would look all round a subject and want truth. He seemed very much astonished at my presumption. I was the accidental means of founding a daily paper at this time. The Liberals had a daily paper, and the Conservatives had none, and I suggested that at least during the contest they should issue a daily paper. This was done, and I contributed some leaders. The

design answered so well that the paper has ever since had a prosperous career. When the Irish Church question was disastrously settled, my brief political part was played out. At the next General Election, to avoid some possible pressure, I took myself off to the wilds of the west until the election was over.

I may here mention one or two other experiences in public speaking. In this country lecturing has never been the profitable profession which it has been in America, but even in America it has been very much declining. In the palmy days several of my literary friends have lectured in America, and made a good thing of it. My own part was limited and humble. I have lectured with much pleasure to a few Ladies' Colleges and High Schools. There was one famous Ladies' College in the west with about five hundred pupils, and I used to lecture to the hundred elder girls. They were very bright, quick, and appreciative, and made excellent abstracts of my lectures, but I hardly think they retained much, and treated a proposal of mine that they should be examined with decided coldness. They would insist upon being lectured on very high subjects—Greek literature, the poets, and the philosophers. As none of them knew Greek, I suggested

humble English subjects. I was allowed to lecture on parallels between the English and French revolutions, and give a course on Literature under three Queens—Elizabeth, Anne, and Victoria. These, however, were a concession to my weakness. I remember being entertained at least on one occasion, and my erudite hostess commenced the conversation by asking "What do you think was the central idea of the *Prometheus Vinctus* of Æschylus?" I was startled, and would have extemporised a theory at once, only this was more than I ventured to do. One day I had been lecturing on the chapter on *Words* in Locke's Essay, when one of the young ladies requested to speak to me. She told me that she really thought that I had misapprehended Locke's meaning in some of my remarks, which was likely enough. That wise and charming lady has since obtained the highest literary distinction which in this country can be conferred upon a woman.

CHAPTER II.

ON SOME PHILANTHROPICAL WORK.

I SHALL not think it necessary to continue this narrative with what might be called egotistic details; but shall group together some sets of facts which may have a larger interest. On a merely literary life, even if the literature takes the lofty forms of theology and poetry, I have learned to look with some measure of distrust. Literature has its own absorbing interest, and its useful and elevating side; but it sometimes seems to have the effect of deadening us to the love of nature, and to the love of humanity. The soul constructs, as it were, its own palace of art, and satisfied with the range and variety of its interests, is apt to lose humility and love. I was very anxious, as far as I could, to bring my literary work into harmony with my special calling. Some special work I have done this way of which it is unnecessary to speak. It occurred to me that

if I took up some subjects in philanthropy and good works, and sought to bring them before the public in literary forms, I might be using some little influence in the right direction both with the public whom I might interest, and for the good cause which might be assisted. I saw, too, that I should have subjects of living interest opened up to me, that I should never be at a loss for clients, and that I might turn my occasional wanderings to good account. In this way I have taken an interest in workhouses, prisons, hospitals, orphanages, missions. I am sure that these subjects have been useful to myself, and I only wish that my work had been more and more thorough. I am sure that literary and professional work is not the worse, but all the better, if, instead of ignoring, one comes in constant contact with the sin and misery of the world, that circumference of darkness that encloses each circle of light. The literary and professional work may be helped and extended by such experiences; the spiritual nature, so much vaster and more profound than the intellectual, here finds nutriment and support. In the words of Leigh Hunt:

> . . . Then
> Write me as one who loves his fellow men.

I remember that I had charge of a country parish, and had introduced what was not known there, though really very common, a midnight service on the last night of the year. I think the people were pleased with it, and the service went off satisfactorily. There was a solemn pause for the passing away of the old year and the coming in of the new. Then there was an unusual disturbance at the end of the church while the service was being concluded. I came down to the door and saw that the disturbance was caused by two men of disorderly and bad character. It did not occur to me to give the men in charge; in fact, no parson ever likes to give over a parishioner to the tender mercies of the police. I must have had the gift of prophecy on me that night. "Now you mark my words, you two fellows. If this is the way in which you begin your New Year, by insulting God and His Church, you will never come to any good." Within six months one of these men, standing upright in his cart—I expect when in motion—fell forward and broke his neck. The other man got into bad company, was arrested for a robbery, and was sent to the county jail, with hard labour, for six months.

The prison chaplain told me that I was the first clergyman within his experience who had ever come to a jail to look up a parishioner under a cloud. He spoke, however, from a very limited induction. It is also to be said that a clergyman cannot often leave his parish to look after a lost sheep, and if the prisoner has received any other visitors within a certain date, he cannot be admitted. I knew a case in which a brother clergyman went to see a prisoner in jail, whom he found enduring a plank bed and other unpleasantnesses. He was in prison because he was not able to pay the fine. The cleric paid it for him, and then and there took him off to an inn and had him furnished with a good dinner. The offence was, after all, a very trifling one. It is grievous to see at times the children of poor parents sent to prison for weeks or months, with all the consequent degradation, for offences which, in the case of the children of the middle-class, would only be visited with sharp, quick punishment. Those who have the power ought not to omit the visitation of the prisoner and the captive. This may be the last thing left to enable a man to retain a shred of self-respect or some sympathy with

the old belongings from which he is excluded. We have very much improved on things past, though even now there is much room for further improvement. It has been truly said that formerly Christians "had but little thought for those who, by open sin or by transgressions of the law, had fallen from respectability. The fearful state of the prisons, the pitiless executions, the discipline of Bridewell and the stocks, all indicated a hard and bitter feeling towards delinquents, and showed that the thought about them was rather of the culpability of their offences than of the possibility of their reformation. The Church has now taken a lesson more truly from the life of her Divine Founder, and regards none as excluded from her charitable efforts to produce restoration and amendment."*

My interest in convict prisons arose from my first visit to Dartmoor, which I have mentioned. On this occasion, it may be recollected, I did not get on very well with the Home Office. I was commissioned by one of the daily papers to write a series of articles on the convict question; I also took up the same subject in one of the quarterlies and in

* Perry's "English Church History," iii., p. 450.

other periodicals. The prison authorities now gave me every facility; I received an order giving me full admission "to every prison in England." On one occasion I presented myself at Portland prison. The then Governor was just starting in a carriage for Weymouth. He somewhat harshly asked me my business. He immediately sent the carriage away. "I have had a telegram from the Home Office," he said, "to show you every attention whenever you call." He certainly carried out his instructions in the fullest and kindest way. Among other things he asked me whether I would like to be locked up in the dark cells to see what it was like. Accordingly we were locked up together, and I confess that I did not like it at all. It was a darkness that might be felt; the few minutes seemed an age. I was very glad when I went over some of the female prisons to find that the dark cells are not really dark. I was concerned, however, to find that, in one female prison, the patient had been removed from the infirmary to the dark cells. I inquired what her offence had been. I was told that she had thrown her medicine in the doctor's face. I thought that, possibly, the offence might have admitted of some excuse.

I certainly did not avail myself of the permission to visit every prison in England, but I saw a great deal of a great many of them. There happened to be a great deal of convicts' literature appearing at the time. These gentlemen were entitled to say their say, and I read their remarks side by side with the Blue Books. I was greatly impressed by the wonderful care that was taken of their health. When in the infirmary they have the best of care and medicines—champagne, if the doctors order it. It would be impossible for human beings to exist under better conditions for health, especially since there has been some improvement in the dietary. Of course, there is a system of rigid discipline, with penalties for the recalcitrant—loss of marks, bread and water, the black hole, and flogging. Where there are immense numbers of desperate criminals, it would be impossible to work a prison without the terror of the triangle. The life of an official never would be safe. I heard terrible things of the designs perpetrated or contrived towards officials, from the Governor to the humblest warder, who in their length of working time and discipline are not so much better off than the convicts themselves. If

these convicts will quietly submit to rule, and avail themselves of the services of the instructors—the schoolmaster, the chaplain—they have a real chance of moral restoration and beginning life again under happier auspices. This is the case with some, but with most of them the antecedent history and the inherited tendencies are all the other way.

I remember one day going the round of one of the convict prisons, and I suddenly alighted on a scene that was going on. A warder was giving peremptory directions to a prisoner who received them in great dudgeon. I do not know what was the cause of discord, but the prisoner was infuriated. He raised his fist and was about to strike the warder. I suppose that I had no business to interfere, but all the same I made up my mind to do so. I knew how utterly useless would be this conflict with authority, and to what terrible penalties the poor fellow would be exposing himself. I laid my hand kindly and quietly on his shoulder, and reasoned with him. I told him that the warder was acting within his powers, in fact only doing his duty, and that he would probably be flogged if he resisted with violence. The prisoner calmed down in a wonder-

ful manner, and became submissive and respectful in manner. The more I live the more I am convinced of the wonderful power of love in subduing the roughest nature. A friend of mine, a prison chaplain, was visiting one of the worst prisoners in a prison that received the worst offenders. The prisoner happened to mention that it was his birthday. My friend said: "My poor friend, I hope it will please God to give you many a birthday in a happier place than this. I am not allowed, you know, to give you any present, but I hope you will accept these flowers, which my children have gathered for me, as a mark of my sympathy and best wishes." The prisoner said: "Sir, these are the only kind words which I have heard in this place all the years I have been here." Then the man broke down with weeping. Then the chaplain told him good words of peace and reconciliation for the worst of us through the Saviour; and from that day, through the run of his term, the prisoner seemed quite an altered man.

The prisons I visited were Dartmoor, Portland, Chatham, Woking, Fulham, and some more. Each place had its own history and varied surroundings; some of these surroundings being very picturesque and

interesting. Internally, however, it was all the same story over and over again, all the details being carried out in all the prisons with mechanical accuracy. I did not think it necessary to carry my inquiries beyond a certain point. I am glad to find that some few of the prisons are being abolished, and that the population of others is materially diminished. Indeed, one working officer said to me only the other day, when revisiting one of the convict prisons:

"I am sorry to say, sir, the business is not at all brisk; I am sorry to say that we have nearly seven hundred empty beds."

In my wanderings on Dartmoor it was very miserable to be constantly meeting in one's walks little gangs of convicts under the supervision of some armed officer. The old and infirm have very gentle work imposed on them, such as keeping a vegetable garden, or looking after the well laid out piece of ground where the photographic studio is kept; for, by law, two photographs are taken of every criminal, one of which is sent to the district whither he goes after his liberation. The very large number of aged, gray-haired prisoners was as sad as it was remarkable. The general system, as a whole, appeared to me

to be admirably carried out. The greatest study is given to a prisoner's history and character, the mode in which he may be made most useful, and afford the best hope of being reclaimed. The prison is crowded with busy workshops. Here you have tailors at work there blacksmiths, there hatters, there shoemakers, there gasfitters, there stonemasons, there builders, and so on, doing their work in most workmanlike fashion. There is also a large Government farm, which is admirably managed. As a rule, there are exceedingly few persons brought up to a trade among the prisoners; but they are easily taught a trade in the course of a few months. It is very sad to see men thus working compulsorily at honourable trades, who might be maintaining themselves and their families in respectability and ease, and escaping those frightful domestic tragedies which are constantly coming within the cognisance of the prison officials.

The whole aspect of the prisons opens up some very painful reflections. For very much indeed that we witness, there must be a deep feeling of thankfulness. In a busy hive of human industry, even though that industry may be enforced, there is something cheerful and hopeful. There must be something

improving in the habits of industry, order, and punctuality; in the offices of the schoolmaster, and the instruction and visitation of an earnest-minded clergyman. But it is clear that the present system of punishment, as pursued in the convict prisons and elsewhere, must treat with extreme inequality different classes of prisoners. The poverty-stricken postman, who has committed his first offence of tampering with a letter, perhaps under the pressure of extreme circumstances, or sudden and strong temptation; the unhappy gentleman, who, with no temptation to defraud, has foolishly and culpably made use of trust-money, are placed in the same category, and treated in the same mode, as men who have grown old in crime and profligacy, and are indurated to every kind of hardship. The moment a professional man has been touched on the shoulder by a policeman, and his crime blazoned in the newspapers, the unhappy wretch has suffered keener misery than the other will endure in his prolonged term of penal-servitude. Something might surely be done in the way of well-considered discrimination, and not all convicts be stretched alike on the same Procrustean bed of misery. Then, again, my

own impression is that the general run of sentences is frightfully and disproportionately severe. For stealing a few fowls, or a coat, or a little iron, many a man has passed a year, and often years, in prison; and when there has been a previous conviction, an almost savage vindictiveness is shown on the side of the law. It cannot be wondered at if humane persons are unwilling to prosecute, and are willing to undergo any loss rather than blight for ever the earthly career of a fellow being. I have no morbid feeling on the subject. The sword should not be borne in vain; a sharp and terrible retribution ought to await the systematic evil-doer. I am one of those who strongly uphold the infliction of the punishment of death in cases of murder. The divine injunction is definite and clear; and, moreover, this consideration has in my mind great weight—that, while in barbarous or semi-barbarous communities, the punishment of homicide is easily commutable, it is only in a highly-civilised and Christian community that this penalty is rigorously exacted. Still the spirit of Christian love ought to permeate human penalties, and the great principle of the declaration of rights carried out, that no Englishman ought to be visited by *cruel* punishment.

That celebrated expression on the face of it seems absurd, as most pains and penalties in one sense must be cruel, but the meaning must be that no punishment should be exacted beyond any fair relation and proportion to the crime. The criminal must begin to feel that if he has erred against society, he has now paid that abstraction to the full for the debt he had incurred, and he begins to ponder whether, after all, society may not, by over-exaction, have incurred a considerable debt towards himself. A frightful consideration also occurs, whether there may not be a small percentage of improper convictions. You may place this percentage very low, and I quite concede that most of those who are acquitted are exceedingly lucky in getting off, yet I am afraid there are reasons to apprehend that there are some innocent people immured in English dungeons. There are two courses at work which may involve a miscarriage of justice, and as these defects are very easily remedied, it is to be hoped that before long our legislators will apply a remedy. The first of these is the notorious incompetency of juries in many parts of the country for this difficult and important office. It seems to me in the highest degree absurd that the men of the highest educa-

tion and ability in the country should be left to discuss the almost formal matters of the bills—a business so far formal that the abolition of grand juries has been seriously discussed—and that questions involving life and liberty should be left to men who are often ignorant and prejudiced, quite unaccustomed to weigh evidence, and apt to confound the main with indirect issues. The simple remedy for this is that the grand and petty jury should form one body, from which men should be indifferently selected to act either on the grand jury or the petty jury. Again, there ought to be a Court of Appeal in criminal cases corresponding to the French Court of Cassation. Practically, it is found to be absolutely necessary that there should be some Court of Appeal, and the very worst possible has been devised. As a Judge of Assize is only fallible, it is right that there should be an appeal somewhere from his opinion, whether expressed in a summing-up or in a report, but an appeal should lie to a higher and not to an inferior tribunal. Now, in appealing from an experienced criminal judge to any gentleman who may happen to be Secretary of State for the Home Department, you are going

from a known, tried, responsible authority, to one that has the vaguest and most variable amount of value. Obviously, the appeal ought to lie from the court of the one learned judge who tried the case, to a court with several learned judges. If these two schemes were adopted, our system of criminal justice would attain to an absolute certainty so far as anything human can do so. For the present there is only too much reason for a remark which Archbishop Thomson has somewhere made, that Justice is depicted with bandaged eyes, because she has gone weeping blind.

I have always thought, and on the very best authority, that it is our duty, the duty of all who "profess and call themselves Christians"—to quote an expression in the Prayer Book which seems to have a dash of satire about it—to see a good deal of poor people, even the poorest of the poor. If this is true of all Christians, it ought especially to be true of clergymen. Of all the heresies, what is called "the gentlemanly heresy" is especially to be eschewed. A clergyman ought not to be a man of one class, but of all classes. So to speak, he has a kind of box-ticket, which takes him all over the house.

I have visited both the castle and the cottage, and, though I prefer the castle, I think I have received and done most good in the cottage. There is such a thing as clinical theology. By the bedside of the sick in cottages and attics, we often pick up our best ideas and our best experiences. I knew a very effective pulpit orator, who preached admirable sermons, but I had never found that he did any reading, or that he had any time for reading. He explained to me that it was at the bedside of the people that he derived his knowledge of the human heart, and his power to deal with character and circumstances. Arnold, of Rugby, says somewhere that he found the visitation of the sick and poor the most healthy employment for his soul.

I do not like the expression, the "poorer classes." The poor are not so much a class, as the very stuff and staple out of which all classes are constructed. One day I was on the box of a London omnibus, talking with the driver. He said he was going to give up his place. His employer had called him "the lower orders," and he was not going to be called "the lower orders" by any man.

When I am on the box I always make a point of

talking with the driver. On a summer evening if I take a cab I will sometimes go on the box with the cabman. I have sometimes had some very interesting and instructive talk this way. The man who drives you can hardly help feeling hurt if you utterly ignore his existence. I know a man who for many years was driven out by the same servant, and who never had a word for him, civil or otherwise. The other day I came down from Fairford—where I had been to see the windows—on the box of an omnibus, and the driver told me that one day he had driven Sir Michael Hicks-Beach for fifty miles, and never had a word with him. The coachman had the good sense to add that he supposed he had a great many things to think about, and he added that he knew Sir Michael had made a journey from London to his country place just to see a sick woman, who had been his nurse, and was obliged to go back again. I know a great man who made a journey from London to Doncaster on just the same errand. He was only in Doncaster twenty minutes for his call, and took the next train back to town.

I was taking, *more meo*, a *locum-tenency* for the winter on the southern seaboard in Pembrokeshire.

I discovered that there was a workhouse in or near the parish of which I had charge. The workhouse had no chaplain, and the master told me that the ratepayers were very poor, and could not afford to make any provision for a chaplain. My Sundays were very full, and I was quite unable to add to my duties; but I volunteered to give them a week-day service. Once a week all through the winter I walked or drove up to the workhouse on this labour of love. I found the master of the work-house extremely humane and considerate, though I am sorry to say that this has not been a uniform experience. Towards some of the poor inmates of the workhouse I had feelings of the greatest respect and regard. I only wish that I might be as ripe for heaven as one dear old blind man whom I found there. Of course, there were some thorough reprobates; men who would tear up their clothes, and had to be sent off to prison sewn up in sacks, but they formed a very small minority. When the fine weather came on, my dear Dissenting brethren, of whom I wish to speak with every possible respect, heard what I had done, and thought it right to follow the example. So the Baptist minister came up and gave them a

service one day, and the Independent minister on another day, and the Wesleyan minister another day; and the wretched paupers, *nolentes volentes*, were preached at nearly every day in the week. I thought it best to give up my own service, especially as my term of residence was now drawing to an end, and I understood that my Nonconformist brethren did the same when the winter once more set in. Since that time I have often taken workhouse services. Chaplains of workhouses are frequently overworked men, combining these duties with other clerical engagements; and they appreciate any friendly Levite who will volunteer assistance. I have known clergymen becoming so attached to this kind of work, that they have refused valuable preferment in order to continue these ministrations. In some parishes the paupers in the workhouse are the best visited people in the parish. They will even have their harvest festivals and special services. I wish there were more general visiting on the part of the laity, whose kindness and sympathy might infinitely cheer their somewhat sad and sordid lot. Sometimes masters and mistresses of workhouses will discourage, and even prevent, such visits; but there should be some

central authority to regulate such matters. Even in these days of universal philanthropy, workhouse-visiting is not a favourite form of philanthropy. Late one afternoon I called on a very charming and most worthy lady at the Albert Hall Mansions. She was good enough to say that she had a party of ladies, and none but ladies, coming to dinner, and that if I did not mind being the only gentleman, I must stop and dine with them. The dinner was, of course, a very pretty one. I sat next to a young and delightful authoress, whose remarkable novels are very widely read wherever the English language is used. She told me that once a week she went to a workhouse far away in the East End, where she assiduously cultivated a number of old men to whom she read *The Daily Telegraph,* and had long chats about things in general, and distributed gifts and tobacco to her humble friends. She would get back home in time for her dinner-parties. I had spent a night in Herefordshire at the pretty house of Mr. Webb-Peploe, now the deservedly popular and esteemed Incumbent of St. Paul's, Onslow Square. His mother had written that charming story, "Naomi, or the Last Days of Jerusalem," the reading of which,

often interrupted by tears, had been an epoch in my childish life. In his own home and quiet village he exhibited all the energy and devotion which he has shown in a larger sphere in London. He had been a great invalid at Cambridge; but, reserved for great things, he had recovered in a wonderful way. He took me to two places; one to the neighbouring castle of his brother, the county Member, where I remember I had the pleasure of meeting John Hullah; then he took me to a workhouse in which we took the deepest interest, and where we had a service.

There is one very remarkable part of the Poor Law system in London which is concerned with questions that deserve greater attention than they have received. There is not only the parish workhouse but the parish infirmary. Having carefully visited St. Pancras workhouse, I went as thoroughly as I could into the parish infirmary for paupers. In size, revenue, and expenditure, these parish infirmaries in London vie with the great London hospitals. The expenditure at such parish infirmaries as Marylebone and St. Pancras must be at least twenty thousand a year. The nurses, however, find that their experience here is very different and

much duller than at the hospitals. An immense proportion of the parish cases are chronic rheumatism or bronchitis. How many of the nurses are accustomed to see capital operations, and acquire a liking for them! "Bless their hearts," said a house surgeon to me once, "it is as good as a six-weeks' holiday to them to see a *femur* taken off. They quite enjoy the sight of blood." I suppose the lady nurses do in course of time come to take an interest in their profession. They must have a very level and unexciting time at the workhouse infirmaries, but they do their work patiently and well.

The expenses of these institutions are mainly borne by what is called the Common Fund. This Common Fund is now of enormous extent. It represents the outlay of all the London parishes, the poor contributing less and the wealthier parishes contributing more, the different streams converging into one reservoir, the Common Fund. In parish infirmaries there is a very great difference to be observed in the expenditure incurred from the Common Fund and the expenditure incurred by the guardians of the parish. In the last case the shoe pinches severely; in the former case it does not pinch at all. When an expenditure is

involved, for which the guardians of the parish pay, the line of conduct pursued is frequently illiberal, one might even reluctantly say, mean. But as the guardians are not responsible for the Common Fund, and as every one "has their finger in the pie," the tendency is to get all that one can and to scrutinise the expenditure as little as possible. Indeed, there hardly seems to be any very efficient oversight of the expenditure. Yet the least reflection would show that as the funds ultimately come from the ratepayers, vast numbers of whom are hardly a hand's breadth better off than the paupers, an equal degree of economy and supervision ought to be exercised in respect to the Common Fund, as in respect to the parish rates.

There is another point to be noted in respect to these infirmaries in which the Poor Law ought to give some power of adjustment to medical authorities. The law of the land, as it relates to the poor, declares that no man should starve or suffer, if the machinery of the State can prevent it. Every poor man, under certain circumstances, can demand to be taken into "the house" or, if he is ill, into the parish infirmary. Mr. Ruskin hopefully says, somewhere, that the Poor Law represents the Christian charity of a great

nation, and that it ought to be conferred delicately and liberally. I am afraid that the pauper on one side, and the relieving-officer on the other, hardly represent such a feeling and attitude. And the infirmary system undoubtedly has great abuses, mainly arising from that demoralising pauperism which is so alarmingly on the increase, and which is so much fostered by the free patient system. Take the instance of some functional or chronic ailment affecting what Bichât calls the "tripod of life," brain, heart, lungs. Suppose there is some suffering of some kind affecting one of these. In the case of many a man of the educated class, he is content to work on under his limitations. If he cannot do his best work, he will do his next best. He may feel that to persevere in his work may even be the best for his health; but at any rate he is prepared rather to wear out than to rust out. Some of us are familiar with the instances of those who have gradually faded away amid their work, which they have carried on to the very verge of life. But the pauper similarly circumstanced, under similar affliction, can strike and does strike at work. He has the best of food, physic, nursing, without making any efforts analogous to those

of professional men under like circumstances. Now there ought to be some power for the authorities to interfere in such cases; to compel men to do such work as they are fit for under the circumstances. We may be quite sure that no medical authority would enjoin work or amount of work that would be really injurious to health; only that which would enable a man to preserve his self-respect, and which would also be probably conducive to his well-being.

Another consideration also arises in respect to these infirmaries. This is concerned with medical education. For medical students there is abundant provision in hospital practice. There are many appointments for the industrious and deserving, such as house physician, house surgeon, etc., which give him an increased insight into practice. But when once the man has taken his professional degrees there is often a sudden term to his practical studies. This is not the case in hardly any other profession. The student of divinity, who has passed all his examinations and secured all his papers, will voluntarily go to a theological college, and afterwards has, in nearly every case, to serve a curacy under an incumbent. The lawyer, who has obtained a full grade as a solicitor, will very

frequently be a managing clerk under supervision, and the junior counsel serves under his leader. But the medical man is supposed to be sufficiently equipped as soon as he has obtained his medical degree. An orator is often made at the expense of his audiences, and there have been celebrated surgeons who have been said to have waded their way to eminence through a hecatomb of slaughter. What many medical men feel is that they need a further extension of experience in hospital practice. I would suggest that while the hospitals retain the students, the infirmaries should be open to qualified medical men within certain limits after their passing. This would give them additional experience, and be a help in building up a practice.

One subject to which I have given a great deal of attention in my time is that of hospitals. It began this way. I was making one of my various visits to the delightful watering-place of Ilfracombe. Unfortunately I was not given to those delightful science studies with which such men as Kingsley, and Gosse, and G. H. Lewes have made their visits memorable; but I studied much the living zoophytes which clung to the tors and rocks. On one of my visits I had

the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Chanter, the sister of Charles Kingsley, who in her "Ferny Combes" has beautifully illustrated the beautiful neighbourhood. On another visit I made the acquaintance of a young London lawyer and his wife—who were still a young and interesting couple, although at home the nursery was beginning to be populated—an acquaintance which was deeply interesting, but unhappily too brief. His father was a well-known and useful Member of Parliament; one of those men for whom Parliament had such a strong attraction, that though dying by inches, he was unable to tear himself away from it. My friend had studied the law, but found himself compelled chiefly to study his health. For his health's sake he would be best away from London, but there were two reasons which irresistibly kept him to Onslow Square. One of these was Mr. Molyneux's ministry at St. Paul's, Onslow Square; the other was the immediate neighbourhood of Brompton Consumptive Hospital. These were among the chief interests of his blameless and decaying life. He very kindly made me come and see him, and made me acquainted with the hospital and the church, both of which he loved so well.

Molyneux was a very remarkable preacher in his way. He seemed to me to have a kind of House of Commons' debating manner, both unusual and effective—in the pulpit. His sermons were inordinately long, but nevertheless they had a remarkable hold upon large congregations. Molyneux himself I never met, though it might easily have happened in the sick chamber of our common friend. One of his daughters was married to a man whom I knew very well, Lord William Pitt Lennox. A very pleasant, genial, much-informed man was William Pitt Lennox, though neither his lectures nor his books have taken any permanent hold upon the public mind. It was very interesting to hear him talk of his two hours on the field of Waterloo, at the end of which, much to his disappointment, he was sent off the field back to Brussels with despatches. He used to tell me of the death of his father, who was poisoned by a pet fox, and first discovered his hydrophobia by his reluctance to pass running water. He was an extremely pleasant, amiable man, and his friends liked him heartily. Mr. Molyneux took some ecclesiastical fad into his head, and being dissatisfied with some judgment of the Privy Council, he surrendered

his ministry in the Church of England, and apparently under some idea that his congregation would follow him, held forth on the Sunday in St. James's Hall. Then he dropped out of my knowledge.

I found the Brompton Consumptive Hospital extremely interesting. My friend, living close at hand, visited the place regularly, and took the greatest interest in its management. My own troubles and medical experiences made me take a special interest in this class of cases. Through my friend's introduction they were very kind to me at the hospital, and explained all their method and management. The chapel is especially interesting and beautiful, and presents a most pathetic sight. One of the wards was the Jenny Lind Ward; another bore the name of Robert Montgomery, who worked so hard for the institution that he has earned himself quite a philanthropic reputation; another bears the name of Whyte-Melville, who invested his literary gains in this heavenly way, and with whom I was long associated in one of the magazines. Since I first knew this hospital a great addition, in the form of another building on the other side of the way, has arisen. This was almost entirely done through the

benefaction of an old lady, who bequeathed the hospital a hundred thousand pounds. It is supposed that she derived much benefit as an out-door patient very improperly, for as a wealthy person she was able to pay a doctor. Later I took a great deal of interest in the National Consumptive Hospital at Ventnor, and all kindred institutions.

I made various visits to Brompton and to Ventnor, making friends with some of the inmates, and receiving much courteous kindness from doctors and officials. I have been privileged to send various patients to these places, and in every instance has immense benefit been derived. I have been able to do some little service to such institutions by writing magazine articles respecting them, and preaching on their behalf. From these consumptive hospitals I extended my range of visits and inquiries, so as in some degree to take in the entire hospital system of the country. A kind-hearted, philanthropic nobleman brought out a periodical called *Social Notes*. I was entrusted with a series of articles on the *London Hospitals*, and visited nearly the whole of them. Other openings for dealing with the subject presented themselves, and to the present day I find

the greatest interest in visiting the hospitals, seeing some of the Sisters and nurses, the medical officers, and the patients themselves. In the smaller special hospitals I have been able occasionally to give a little clerical aid. These special hospitals present points of difficulty, chiefly in the consideration that these special cases might perhaps best be treated in the wards of the large hospitals. From want of funds they are sometimes unprovided with a chaplain. On some occasions I have volunteered to give them a service. There is something very touching in such services. They are held in one of the wards. A portion of the congregation are lying in their beds, giving such attention as their aches and languor enable them to bestow, the remainder are on chairs or forms. The matron and nurses manage some singing very nicely. The sermon is very simple and brief, the whole service being well under the hour. Then afterwards there are a few words for the different patients, at least, for those confined to their beds. It is a pity that any of these hospitals should be without a chaplain, and I should think that if the want were known, sufficient volunteer help might be organised among unoccupied clergy.

Once I went to pass a night in a hospital. The doors of a hospital stand open night and day. The merciful mission is not suspended for a single instant through the four-and-twenty hours. It is thoroughly equipped and prepared for each emergency of the moment. A night visit was an entirely new experience. The visit was full of interest and instruction, and literally verified the old saying, that it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting. It was a curious change from the roar and lights of the London streets to the silent corridors and empty waiting-rooms, where the general impression seemed one of subdued service and hushed expectancy.

Now, glancing along the vast ward, for vast it seems to one unaccustomed to the sight, in the somewhat vague dim light, I must gather up my impressions. The light itself is carefully lowered, lest it should cause any irritation to the patients. We see at once that the art of nursing has been brought to a very high degree of perfection. We notice the coloured pictures, softly harmonised, on the walls. We see the fresh flowers, which have been probably sent in great abundance from the

country by kindly friends or some Flower Show Association. We see that there is an abundant use of those simple refreshing luxuries, ice and aërated waters. Ice is found to be a real remedy in many diseases, and the siphons, naturalised from France, do a wholesome, popular office. What we are surprised at is the profound tranquillity, the restful slumber of the patients. We think of the gracious words, "He giveth His beloved sleep." One might have imagined that, in a vast room full of sick people, there might have been restlessness, moaning, impatience. Perhaps we may be able to detect a few such scattered tones. Others may bravely subdue them for the sake of quiet to those around. But for the most part the sweet curtain of real oblivion has shut out the cares and sorrows of life. Here and there we see some simple striking scene, which suggests a mournful history. I notice a poor woman kneeling by a bedside rapt in low, deep, earnest converse. I return to this ward in about half an hour's time, and the woman is still in the same rapt attitude. The hospital authorities are very liberal and considerate in allowing the access of their friends to the patients. As soon as there is any real danger,

a general order is given that a patient's friends may come to him at any hour of the day or night. Sometimes this privilege is abused, for angry creditors have been known to make their way to the bedsides of patients. It might, perhaps, be a better plan if patients were asked to name the persons whom they might like to see. In this ward to-night there is certainly nothing of the kind—only the patient, steadfast woman kneeling on.

There is only a single nurse in the ward. She is quite fresh and active for her work. She has learned to change her day into night, and her night into day. She has become naturalised to her position, for she does not seem to suffer in looks and spirits. It is very necessary that she should be punctual, cautious, and intelligent. Very many of these patients have medicines to be administered to them once or more than once through the night. The great business of the nurse is to walk up and down the wards, and she often has to soothe and calm the afflicted or perturbed patient. Of course she can command further assistance if it is required, but still my impression is that some of the hospitals are under-served, and an addition to the nursing staff would be most de-

sirable. I am told the diseases make too heavy demands on the time and attention of the night-nurses. The little ones, especially in distressing cases, or after operations, seem to cling to their attendants. The child is sorry that the nurse is going away, and begs that the nurse will sleep with him that night. Perhaps the nurse stays while the little fellow is lulled to sleep. At his cry she is swiftly at his side more than once in the night.

My ward will not be silent and unvisited all night, for close at hand there is a Sister. The Sister is generally either a lady who has taken that position, or a nurse who has been raised to it. Her own private apartment is close to the ward to which she is attached. Indeed, I am sorry to see that, in point of fact, it makes part of it. It is only a wooden partition, not raised so high as the roof, and if any of Sir James Simpson's "hospitalism" atmosphere is about, the Sister will get the full benefit of it. It might be worth while to save the Sister from the risk, and perhaps to treat her better in other respects. Nor will she be the only assistant. One of the resident medical men will very probably take a round the last thing at night before he goes to bed. The chances

are that he may be called out of his bed before the night is over. The chaplain, too, if he sees any cause for his services, will be passing along the ward. It is just possible that a startled cry may break on the ear from a patient in *delirium tremens*. Perhaps a patient has developed highly feverish symptoms. A bath on india-rubber wheels is noiselessly brought up, the hot bath is administered, and in all probability the patient is marvellously calmed down.

Our *delirium tremens* patient will find his way to the padded room, or more probably he is there already. The padded room is rather a sensational apartment, but it is in fact extremely comfortable. The patient may hurl himself against the walls or the floor, but they are so softly cushioned that he cannot in reality get any harm. Moreover, an attendant is always stationed outside to prevent the possibility of an accident. When the patient is sufficiently recovered he is taken to an adjacent ward, and is frequently most thankful that by a wise restraint he has been prevented injuring himself and others.

As I turn out of this ward I hear a deep, sad moan. The medical man who is accompanying me

asks the frightful question: "Is not that poor fellow dead yet?" I ask the particulars. The poor man had been run over in the streets, and had been taken into the hospital. It was seen at once that there was no hope for him. His hours were numbered, and it was seen at once that he had very few to live. His family were sent for, and were gathered round his dying bed. What a curious contrast there is between this interior of St. George's Hospital and the rush and gaiety of the fashionable quarters around it!

Standing on Westminster Bridge, and surveying each bank of the imperial river, we see "a palace and a prison" on each hand. The palace is that of our Legislature, whose splendid terraces in the summer afternoon are so often crowded with the rank, and fashion, and beauty of London. Exactly confronting it is that palace of suffering—the prison of those who are confined to their couches by accident or illness—the vast hospital of St. Thomas. There are many subtle links of connection between the hospital and the Houses of Parliament. All the observation and experiment of the medical school, all the knowledge that is accumulated in the treatment of patients,

all methods of healing and palliation that are employed, filter through every stratum of society. When the hours of disease and sickness come upon those who may be our hereditary or elected legislators, then the medical and surgical science acquired in the hospitals are brought into constant requisition.

Hospital patients pay something, less or more. There are two grades of paying patients, according to their means, and in the third grade the expenses are paid by the organisations that exist for the relief of the poor.

From the hospitals, then, as from mighty reservoirs, are carried the divergent healing streams throughout the land. In such hospitals is to be found the most careful and instructive teaching of our time. Here all the facts bearing upon the phenomena of disease receive incessant scrutiny. Here are formed the habits of close observation and accurate reasoning in physiology and pathology. Here are all the precious accumulations of the library, the museum, and the laboratory. If we could, for a single moment, imagine such a thing as the extinction of the hospital system, we should everywhere witness a depreciation of the value of human life,

and an enormous increase of human sorrow, anxiety, and loss. Any misfortune to the hospitals, any lessening of their efficiency, would, in some ratio, be a loss and danger to the community.

There is a whole network of smaller hospitals scattered over the country—cottage hospitals, convalescent hospitals, children's hospitals. In the course of my experience I have had many interesting visits to such places. I remember paying an interesting visit to St. Raphael's Convalescent Home at Torquay. It had the noble hall and large rooms of the great palatial villas, while devoid of expensive ornamentation. The institution is under the management of the Sisters of St. John's of Clewer. They showed us all over it—the dining-room (I beg pardon, the refectory); the bedrooms (I again beg pardon, the cubicles). Some of these last, where the ladies pay a guinea or thirty shillings a week, are elegant, and even luxurious, as large and well-furnished as any in the "Imperial Hotel." They all dine in common, but there are separate day-rooms for ladies, and for those who are not their social equals. One large room is beautifully decorated as a private chapel, where the service is performed daily by the chaplain

of the institution. The chapel is hardly an exquisite structure like that of the parent institution of Clewer, nor yet like that of the House of Mercy at Bovey Tracey, some dozen miles from Torquay. All the visible signs of happiness and reviving health were around us, and those who support it might see at once the good which they were doing.

"You walk lame, sir," said the Lady Superioress to me, as I hobbled across the hall to my "midge," the peculiar vehicle of the Torquay hills. "Yes," I answered; "a new boot has broken the skin of my heel, and has quite lamed me." A look of the most good-natured kindness and concern was on her face, and an intimation was given to the Sister of the dispensary that she should attend to my hurt. In a moment the obnoxious boot was removed, bathing applied to the suffering heel, and the boot was sentenced to dismissal. Then a compress was adjusted and carefully bound up; and a slipper of somewhat ecclesiastical pattern was given me, and also its fellow, that I might keep the pair as a *souvenir*. I was implored to take liniments with me. Nothing could exceed the grace and gladness of those two refined ladies in being permitted to

show this act of courtesy to the wayfarer, not for the sake of his unworthy self, but that they might indicate the character of one that would wash the feet of a disciple. I have reason to believe that they saved me from what might have been serious consequences; and I am sure that I would not exchange those slippers for any pair of Wellingtons that might be offered.

The scheme of such a hospital has frequently commenced in the most simple and rudimentary way. We know a lady who took a little house in a row of little houses, put in some plain furniture, told her London friends to send down a few poor people recovering from illness in the London alleys, and put in a decent, motherly woman to do what cooking and cleaning they could not very well do for themselves. Sometimes a country farmhouse has been taken, for the sake of the pure, exhilarating mountain air, and some good soul has gathered around her a colony of the faint, and sick, and poor. A garden is thought the first necessary adjunct. When it has been at the seaside, there has been an early investment in a bathing-machine or a donkey and chaise. Such simple beginnings sometimes develop into a

large and remarkable institution, with its organisation and staff, its elaborate system, its gorgeous chapel, and architectural effects. All the great hospitals are unceasingly putting themselves *en rapport* with these convalescent institutions.

Besides the prisons, workhouses, and hospitals, I have always been glad to make acquaintance with any other practical philanthropic work, though it may not be on my own lines, or in accordance quite with my own way of thinking. *Nihil humani à me alienum puto.*

I was very much interested in what I heard of the work of Mr. Müller, of Bristol. An old friend of us both gave me an introduction to him, and I made a journey to form his personal acquaintance and see his work. He is very accessible, and I might easily have done without the letter. His work has been very extraordinary, and on an immense scale. He must have received nearly a million of money. He is constantly maintaining more than two thousand children, and his religious work extends to Spain and Italy, and other countries. "The orphan-houses on Ashley Down, Bristol," says Mr. Müller, "are not our orphan-houses, nor the orphan-houses of any

party or sect; but they are God's orphan-houses, and the orphan-houses of any and every destitute orphan who has lost both parents, provided, of course, there's room in them." I was a little disappointed with the huge, barrack-like appearance of the place, and the children did not seem quite up to the mark in health and spirits. There was a sad and easy explanation: one or both of the dead parents have probably died from consumption, or some kindred disease. The children all looked exquisitely neat and clean. Those institutions and the Board Schools have had the effect of making children clean instead of dirty, as in the old time; they have literally "changed the face of the country." In the Life of Michael Angelo there is a letter from his father in which he says: "And above all things, my dear son, never wash. It is very unwholesome." We have got beyond this, although I think there is a little bigotry in some of my friends who insist in sea-bathing all the year round, and resist any admixture of the tepid element in the matutinal tub.

I found Mr. Müller busy at his writing-table; quiet, grave, earnest-looking, with an expression

of simplicity and benevolence which never wavered. He was a tall, thin, iron-gray man, active and healthy, with eyes that made friends with you at once. What chiefly struck me was his intense quietude; his language also was singularly measured and deliberate. His accent was slightly foreign; there were one or two English sounds which his voice seemed unable to form. He does not lead but follows; he waits for you to ask your questions. He tells you substantially the same story which he sets forth in his reports and in his narrative of "The Lord's dealings with him." The morning comes when he has these thousands to feed, and he is possibly without a sixpence. He will not ask anybody for anything; he leaves it all to the Lord. His constant experience is that when he has the need there is also the supply for the need.

How is it that this poor obscure German has produced such mighty results that are rarely rivalled in the annals of human benevolence? I ask him the secret, and he tells me that there is no secret. He says that it is all done by simple faith in answer to prayer. I faithlessly suggest that this does not work in all cases. He rejoins that the fault is that

we are not simple enough. He argues that we should become little children indeed; that we should go to God as to a living father, telling Him our needs, making our requests, confiding in His promises; that He would be true to His promise and give us what we prayed for, if the request were really for our good, and in accordance with His will. Even like the poor human father, He would rather give than not give when we made our requests. Then he drew some very strong distinctions between the gift of faith and the grace of faith. The keynote of his system was prayer. He told me that every afternoon, at two o'clock, he retired to his rooms for an hour's intercessory prayer. There were some people for whom he had prayed many thousand times. In some cases he saw his prayers were answered; in other cases he waited in hope. "I keep on at it; I keep on at it," he said. "My great object," he repeated to me very emphatically, "is the glory of God, and by the glory of God I mean to show the world that God is yet alive; that God is true; that God honours and answers prayer as much as ever He did in the days when He made those revelations of Himself which we have in

the Bible; that we may come in prayer to this living personal God, knowing that He hears and answers prayer." He gave me further interesting details about himself and his family. He expected to be succeeded in his work by a son-in-law, who was a great help. His first wife had given up a very large income that she might go as a missionary to China.

Many of the contributions to his cause are from rare and even curious self-denials. Some men send the money they have saved by going third-class, by giving up beer and tobacco, through not attending a public dinner. The gifts come from all parts of the world. The rich give of their abundance, and the poor their mites. People part with their rings, watches, golden eye-glasses, bracelets and brooches. A clergyman's wife sent the whole of her jewellery; "all I have of any value." A Christian gentleman sends a diamond ring which cost him £88 16*s*. There is one man who is constantly sending a hundred pounds. A poor needlewoman sends hundreds of pounds which have unexpectedly come to her, and continues to live on the scanty pittance that she earns.

Another institution, on a still larger scale, which I

visited was Dr. Barnardo's village at Barkingside, near Ilford. This is a village community very different to anything that Sir Henry Maine has written about. It contains nearly a thousand girls, scattered over a multitude of cottages. It is much prettier than Müller's place, which is very barrack-like, whereas this is quite home-like. He has also about a thousand boys at Stepney. In addition he has to provide for some couple of hundred adults. The food alone comes to a hundred pounds a day. All this, like Müller's work, is to be put down to a stupendous child-like faith. I have not had the advantage, so far, of meeting Dr. Barnardo, but I am quite sure that his work is generous, self-denying, and thoroughly good.

I had some tea at the largest of the cottages, which is only a cottage still, called Cairns' Cottage, after the great Earl, who was one of the warmest friends of the institution. He was a good Churchman and a good friend of the Church, albeit, I suppose, rather on party lines. He said once to a friend of mine: "I never heard any sermon, however poor it might be called, from which I might not learn something if I had the disposition to do so." This is a

more fair and candid way of dealing with sermons than is generally the case. I often pass his old house among the pines at Bournemouth, and his memory there is as fresh as at Ilford. He manfully vindicated Dr. Barnardo from those aspersions which it is the lot of good people to endure and of evil persons to inflict.

I walked about the place with every intention and desire to pick holes, but could not find any. The gardens were in the rough, but they were being handsomely laid out, chiefly by the contributions, in plants and shrubs, of munificent friends. Of course, the great object of contemplation was the children themselves. They were of all ages; bright, healthy, and happy; and in this contrasted very much with the appearance of Müller's orphans, in very many cases the offspring of diseased parents. There were a number of big girls in the steam laundry, extremely neat and well-mannered, and so contrasting with most of the girls that one notices at French and English laundries. The discipline seemed to me extremely mild and gracious. I saw many of them at their tea after they had come away from afternoon school.

What big hunches of bread and jugs of milk and water they put away! The little community was in a state of great commotion, in which "the mothers," as they are called, in the different cottages fully shared. A little baby had been imported into their midst; and it was rumoured that the great Barnardo had himself washed and dressed and brought it one midnight from a great distance. The act did him infinite honour. Nothing was more amusing than to see in the different cottages the rows of dolls, some of them in a highly dislocated condition, and sadly needing to go into hospital. And here was a real live doll, that could actually open and shut its eyes of its own accord, brought into their midst!

I suppose there are people who have no words of sympathy for great philanthropic efforts like these, and may think some apology due for the mention of such commonplace subjects. When we are all doing so much harm, is it not delightful to find some who are doing so much good? Now and then we hear of some one adopting a poor orphan, and in a few cases of adopting several orphans. But here

are two men who are each undertaking far more than two thousand waifs and strays; and to think of each separate life, guarded, trained, directed, that might have been lost in the seething corruption, in a living death, in a deadly life. I hope some of my readers will try and do some good for these good men and their noble causes. The era of the great preachers may be passing away, but the era of the great practisers, the great philanthropists, the Christ-like ones, is brightening upon us.

I could dwell on other cases of great good wrought by individuals, but I know of none on such an immense scale as Mr. Müller's and Dr. Barnardo's. I remember staying a day or two with Sir James Philipps at Warminster, and being much struck by a whole set of institutions which he fostered. One of these was a Convalescent Hospital, one of the earliest ever adopted in this country. Some good lady put some furniture into a cottage, and one or two came to nurse, and the doctor and the parson gave their services gratuitously. There was at one time a seaside home in connection with the hospital. Then Sir James has a large

Missionary College, St. Boniface's. There is also a sisterhood; altogether some five or six separate good works. Many of my readers will be able to make out their own separate list of benefactors to those who are distressed in mind, body, or estate.

CHAPTER III.

FURTHER CLERICAL EXPERIENCES.

According to my moderate powers, I have always taken a great interest in missions, and advocated them with pen and voice. I have often thought that there might be a regular foreign service for the clergy of the Church of England, and that each man might be expected to spend some five years abroad. I for one used to regret that I had not had such a term of service. But, on talking the matter over with some missionaries, they explained to me that I was under an illusion. They showed me that a term of five years would be of no possible use to the missionary cause. It would take all that time to become acclimatised, to learn the language, and to understand the people of a heathen country. Therefore there must be a special class of clergy for this special kind of work.

Only, I really think that the clergy who have served abroad for many years, often carrying their lives in their hands, should receive some special recognition, and be considered as having a very strong claim for preferment at home. Instead of this—with the exception of Colonial bishops, of whom I have known many, who are often brought up as episcopal coadjutors in home dioceses — their claims seem entirely neglected. Even when missionaries come home for a hardly-earned holiday, they are often very hardly driven. Country congregations and "meeting" audiences are charmed to behold a real missionary in the flesh, especially if he is one who has had a serious chance of being eaten alive. Of course such men are petted, and *fêted*, and made a great deal of in certain "circles;" but in their own hearts they would much rather have the repose and sympathy of home. It would be interesting to explain to the country—only there is not much chance of the country listening to the story—how the missionary has always been the pioneer of the discoverer; how he has opened up new paths in natural science, prepared the way for commerce, has started fresh colonies, has civilised and Christianised communities, and helped

to build up the solidarity of the Empire. The present missionary work in India is wonderful, and the best Indian statesmen have recorded how Imperial interests have been aided by the labours of the missionaries.

Among the truest heroes of humanity are the great missionaries. "The world knows nothing of its greatest men," as Sir Herbert Taylor says in one of his happiest lines. Illustrious missionaries had a positive fascination for me, and when I have come to know something of themselves and of their work, my admiration and respect have, as a rule, deepened for them.

The first whom I met was Bishop Mackenzie, of the Universities' Mission in Central Africa. He was introduced to me at Oxford by Jenkins, of Jesus, who had been a Missionary Fellow of that College, in South Africa. Who knew not "Jenkins, of Jesus," in those days?—the "gentle goat," as we termed him, in consideration of his magnificent beard. After his missionary days he used to travel up and down the country, taking unbounded interest in two very valuable classes of the community, porters and policemen. You might meet them at lunch in his rooms in company with College dons and local celebrities. I

remember being greatly pleased with Bishop Mackenzie, but not until I read Bishop Harvey Goodwin's life of him years afterwards did I recognise or understand what a wonderfully good man he really was. I have already mentioned how I spent in company with Livingstone his last evening in England. Years afterwards I came to know Bishop Smythies, who has done good work in his African see, then arduously labouring in a vast parish in Cardiff. Bishop Cheetham I also knew in my young days, one of the Sierra Leone bishops, and one who had stayed many years in his malarious diocese.

With Bishop Hannington, who has become quite a household name of late years, I was on terms of much intimacy. For many years we lived in neighbouring parishes, and we saw a great deal of each other. We exchanged pulpits a great deal, a practice which I think might be done much oftener and with very good effect by the clergy. It must be a good thing for the people to be acquainted with different voices, different minds, and different ways of looking at things. Before he went to Africa for the last time, he wished me to be responsible for his services, in whole or part, while he went into Devonshire to revisit his old parish

and friends. I did not see my way at that time to leave my own people, but offered to find him a substitute. He refused my substitute, and elected to stay at home. He told me afterwards that he had every reason to rejoice at my refusal, for he found that so many heavier matters would have been neglected if he had gone away. Hannington's kind confidence in me was the more remarkable as we had considerable divergencies of opinion in various matters. In his last letter to me he said that he had the idea of bringing out his wife and children to Mombaz, a fact which is not mentioned in his biography.

We lived on those terms of happy friendly intercourse which are rarely found and so truly enjoyable. He had an almost Oriental hospitality and largeness of heart. We lived some miles apart, and his request was that if he were away from home when I called, I should make myself at home; and if he found me away he amused himself for hours with the children. His worthy wife was his great instigator to missionary deeds. Hannington was very honest, and when he read a paper at our clerical meeting, he studiously disclaimed being any scholar. He had far greater claims to respect than mere scholarship. I have known

some great scholars in my time, but few men like Hannington. He was a most disinterested man. His father, a wealthy Brighton tradesman, had built a Baptist chapel; but, coming over to Anglican opinions, the chapel became a chapel of ease to the mother church. He put in his son James as minister, and gave him two hundred a year. When the rich father died, leaving James Hannington a younger son's modest portion, he omitted, either by accident or design, to make any provision for carrying on the work. Harrington continued his services without any clerical income. When he went out for the Church Missionary Society, he only stipulated that they should find him a curate for his chapel, and beyond bare expenses took no stipend. Of course things were different after he was made bishop. I remember his showing me a letter sent by a missionary on Lake Tanganyika to the Church Missionary Society, about King M'tesa; that very bad man, the father of a worse son, who was Hannington's murderer. King M'tesa had told him to communicate his views to the proper people in England. The savage king supposed that he and Queen Victoria were in point of fact the only people worth mentioning in the world. He was a widower,

and he understood that the Queen of England had one daughter unmarried, as was the case at the time. Under such circumstances he professed his perfect willingness to marry the Princess.

The absorbing thought in Hannington's mind was missions, in every sense in which the term may be used. He was a great friend of that modern institution, the Parochial or Home Mission, which on a large scale was held all over London a few years ago. In most parishes it was only an occasional event, but I think Hannington had a mission in his district every year. He was himself, I believe, an effective and successful missioner. His devotion to foreign missions was extreme. His district participated in his ardour, and gave both men and money to this work. He had a most thorough love of natural science, and was ready for any amount of adventure in this favourite pursuit. He had some hairbreadth escapes both at home and in Africa. He knew and loved every animal that lived, and every plant that grew. He had a wonderful raven, I remember, which often reminded me of the pet bird of Charles Dickens. He had a natural aptitude for surgery and medicine, of which he gave me

some remarkable proofs. He had all the natural qualities of an explorer and pioneer. The religious motive was the absorbing motive of his mind, and no one could make religion more absorbing and happy than he did. But all these tastes wonderfully prepared him for his missionary career. The story of his acute sufferings during his first mission in Africa was simply harrowing. He was supposed to be dead some sixteen times, and only by a most stupendous exertion of will was he able to stagger on. He looked dreadfully ill and reduced when he came back, and to me it seemed simply madness to venture out again, more especially as he had a young family coming on. But in these things a man must judge for himself, and Hannington would only judge from the loftiest and most unselfish motives.

I have had various opportunities for noting the different means taken by the Church of England for the supply of missionaries. Not a few men have surrendered place and emolument in the English Church for the sake of arduous and unpromising work; many more pass direct from the Universities to the mission field; while for others there has been a long special training. The Mis-

sionary Colleges of the Church of England constitute some of the least known and most admirable of its agencies. We have to take note not only of the Missionary Colleges, but also of the many Diocesan Societies, "Missionary Studentships Associations," that do their best to provide men and money. First of these colleges comes St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, whose buildings comprise the restored ruins of the ancient Abbey of St. Augustine, and which is one of the many grand works associated with the late Mr. Beresford Hope. Every one of the average fifty students declares his intention of serving as a Church missionary in the distant dependencies of the British Islands. In addition to classics, mathematics, Oriental languages, and physical science, there is constant practice in manual labour and mechanical arts, especially printing, for the college press is worked mainly by students. This reminds me very much of the way of living of the gentlemen of Port Royal. Earlier in date, but not so large, is the Church Missionary College in Islington, established in 1825, for the purpose of training up young men for the office of missionaries by a sound education in science, classical learning, and theology. It appears

that more than 500 men have gone forth, most of them as ordained clergymen, into the mission field. Successive Bishops of London have borne witness to the admirable character of these men. The late lamented Bishop Jackson, only a few days before his death, said, "he wished to bear witness to the skill and care with which the students were prepared for ordination, the results of which had often come under his notice as Bishop of London." In addition to these, the Church Missionary Society has sent forth about 160 men from the home clergy and University men. When Bishop Hannington was murdered, a dozen men volunteered to take his place. Later still, a dozen members of the University of Cambridge simultaneously offered themselves. There are other institutions for the training of missionaries, of which the Year Book of the Church of England informs us. There is a Missionary College at Dorchester; another, St. Stephen's House, at Oxford; one at Burgh; one, St. Boniface's, at Warminster. As a mark of the growing interest in missions, there is now constituted a Board of Missions for the Upper House of Convocation. There are many other missionary agents who receive a special training for their work. It

is found that the knowledge of medicine is an invaluable adjunct to missionary work. There have been at least two eminent bishops who have practised medicine in their dioceses. Altogether there have been a very large number of medical missionaries in heathenesse, doing good alike to the body and the soul. There are a number of Christian female doctors who are doing splendid missionary work, winning their way to the Zenanas, where only women are admitted. The great Dissenting societies have also their course of training. That remarkable association, the Mildmay Mission, have their foreign as well as their home work; and there are various sporadic societies for which there might be well desired a greater measure of unity and concentration.

The year of grace, 1888, has been a great year in the annals of missions. Various Protestant Missionary Societies all over the world held a conference, which had daily sittings for some weeks, at Exeter Hall. The great fact of such a conference meeting at all is a real step towards the unity of Christendom. It gave me great pleasure, though sorely pressed for time, to "assist" at it one day. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel did not, on this occa-

sion, combine with the Church Missionary Society and other kindred societies. A former secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel once told me that he really knew nothing about the Church Missionary Society, and did not take the slightest interest in its proceedings. The case is very different now, when both the great societies discharge mutual good offices, and meet for purposes of sympathetic conference. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel had a valid reason for holding aloof, inasmuch as the Pan-Anglican Synod or Conference, that meets once in ten years, was to hold its decennial assemblage a month later. That conference of Anglican bishops all over the world, including the bishops of the Episcopal Church of America, may be regarded as the ultimate outcome of missionary effort, as well as the greatest ecclesiastical gathering which our Church has witnessed. Still, I am rather sorry that an occasion was not found for shaking hands all round and presenting a united front. We should then have had an Œcumenical Council in a sense more real than that which proclaimed the infallibility of the Pope.

For my own part, I have always taken the deepest interest in the Jews, and though the Christian Church has been late in recognising its duty, I find, in part from facts that have come within my own knowledge, that there is a great and increasing interest in this country, America, and Germany, in Christian missions to the Jews. Of course, the chief interest belongs to the Christian Jews; but I have never met the Jew yet in whom I have not been able to take some degree of special interest. For their history is unique; they possess an immortality among the nations. Even when they reject our religion, they are among the best evidences for its veracity. When Frederick the Great asked his chaplain for an argument in favour of revelation, and told him to make the argument as short as possible, the chaplain answered: "Sire, the Jews." Quite apart from religious considerations, the most worldly people must feel an intellectual interest in the Jews. They are pre-eminent in commerce, in art, in literature, in medicine, and music. The two greatest statesmen of modern times, as most people account such, Bismarck and Beaconsfield, were of Hebrew descent. I do not think that Disraeli was

exaggerating when he spoke of the front place of the Jews, both on the intellectual and on the physical side.

I am sorry to say that, amid the mass of unconverted Jews, there appears to be a steady malignant, hostile feeling towards Christianity. Very often there is a total religious indifference, an absolute scepticism even. The first Jew with whom I made any acquaintance was a wealthy individual, and apparently well educated. I ventured, with some nervousness, to speak to him about Christianity. I found that he had no acquaintance with the facts of Christianity. I spoke to him about the Old Testament, and found that he had no acquaintance with the facts of the Old Testament. His mind, to use a familiar illustration, was like the blank page between the Old Testament and the New. He was practically an Adiaphorist. "I don't know; I don't care; and It don't signify." The proper rule I hold to be that we should treat every Jew with brotherly frankness and good feeling, and to watch our opportunity to put in a "word in season." Meeting on the common human platform, I find that kindness always meets with a response. It is

very interesting to watch the modes of action and feeling among the Jews. One day I was visiting one of the great London hospitals. A venerable Jew—and you often meet with noble, venerable faces among the Jews — beckoned to me. He told me that he would be glad if I would give him a little assistance under the following circumstances. He said it was a fish day, and he could not bear to eat fish prepared by Gentile hands. It might have been prepared with hog's grease, or in any other ways would be unacceptable. Of course I was very pleased to furnish him with the slight help that would enable him to get a meal prepared in the Hebrew manner. All the same, this was another illustration of the unhappy state of the unbelieving Jews. They neglect the broad aspects of their Scriptures, the weightier matters of the Law, for the anise and cummin of small things. They even prefer the fables of the Talmud and the Rabbinical disputations to the Law and the Prophets. Their elaborate ritual is without a soul. There still remains the hardness of their hearts and the veil upon their eyes.

Let me here mention a recent visit which I made

to the Jews' quarter in the London Hospital. This is the largest, in point of numbers, of all the London hospitals, and in the poorest neighbourhood of London. Here a wing has been endowed by some of the Rothschild family, and a further benefactor has been a nephew of Sir Moses Montefiore. I believe, also, that some beds have been endowed for Jewish patients at the Charing Cross Hospital. The Jews have also a Home or Asylum in the Mile End Road, and another at Norwood. Any London hospital will have sporadic Jewish cases, and some are to be found in different wards of the London Hospital, to be drafted into the Jewish ward as soon as beds should be vacant. Great preparations for Easter were going on in the two Jewish wards. Everything was being thoroughly cleansed. Each Jewish feast is kept, as far as possible, according to the ritual. Thus the Feast of Tabernacles is kept with a close approximation to the boughs and booths. All through the year the Passover bread of the last day of the feast is preserved in the room as a memorial of that which has been consumed during the Passover itself. The Commandments hang over the doors both of the male and female wards, only

to be shifted by the hands of the Rabbi. There is a special Hebrew kitchen, where the food is precisely prepared in the Jewish manner. The price of milk is doubled during Passover time, as the Jews will have their milk during this time in entirely new vessels. Of course there is no ordinary bread seen in the wards at Eastertide. They celebrate the Passover with the unleavened bread, the bitter herbs, the sour wine, and some one reads aloud throughout the feast, and in a kind of unhappy wail of the voice. It is impossible in these wards to speak on Christian subjects to the Jew. Sad to say, if they even hear the name of the Redeemer, they will immediately spit on the ground. I know some, even of the most orthodox clergy, who have given only a languid welcome to the converted Jews.

"I like them very well while they are Jews," said the secretary of a great religious society to me, "but I do not care for them when they become Christians." It is hard to see how such a remark could have fallen from any one who really valued the Christian hope. If the Christian religion, which is an extension and expansion of the Hebrew religion, be worth having, it is worth while to promote it

among the Hebrews themselves. I have met with persons sufficiently ignorant and illiberal to deny the possibility of genuine conversion; but I fall back upon positive facts within my own experiences. I was very much impressed with what Thackeray records of his experience of converted Jews, and Thackeray was certainly not a man to have any weak leaning towards mere enthusiasm or imposture. The passage is to be found in his book, "From Cornhill to Cairo" (chapter xiii.), which I condense: "A kind of martyrdom is in store for the luckless Hebrews at Jerusalem who shall secede from their faith. Their old community spurn them with horror. . . . These poor converts should surely be sent away to England, out of the way of persecution. We could not but feel a pity for them as they sat there on their benches in the church—conspicuous; and thought of the scorn and contumely which attended them without as they passed, in their European dresses and shaven beards, among their grisly, scowling, long-robed countrymen. . . . We brought with us one of the gentlemen of the mission, a Hebrew convert, the Rev. Mr. E——; and lest I should be supposed to speak with disrespect of any of

the converts of the Hebrew faith, let me mention this gentleman as the only one whom I had the fortune to meet on terms of intimacy. I never saw a man whose outward conduct was more touching, whose sincerity was more evident, and whose religious feeling seemed more deep, real, and reasonable."

All that I have seen of the Christian Jews enables me to understand and endorse the language of Thackeray. On more than one occasion I was privileged to assist at a great function, to preach the sermon on an occasion when many Jews and two Jewesses were baptized. As was Thackeray's experience with his friend, I was deeply impressed with the earnestness and devoutness of these converts.

I remember very well a certain day in the little English church in the Avenue Marbœuf in Paris. There I met a Jew in Anglican orders, who used constantly and gratuitously to assist the admirable English clergyman there. It was in this church, and at Mr. Frankkel's hands, that I first witnessed the interesting spectacle of adult Hebrews being received into the Christian Church. I have since come to understand how great are the sacrifices which these Hebrews make in owning that they have

found the Messiah. As a rule, there is everything to deter a Jew from becoming a convert. His earnings, instead of being counted by sovereigns, are reduced to shillings. The amount of suffering involved by the breaking off of national and individual ties, and the resulting obloquy and persecution, are immense. But all things are patiently endured. I knew that admirable Jewess lady in Brighton by whose exertions the noble home on Albion Hill was founded, which has rescued thousands of unhappy girls. She first made confession of her faith under truly dramatic circumstances. She was called as a witness in a Jewish lawsuit, in one of the law courts. The court was crowded with people of her race. When she was asked how she would be sworn, she elected to be sworn on the New Testament. Some of my most distinguished friends at Oxford belong to the Jewish race. One is a scholar who has swept Oxford of all the honours and prizes it had to offer; there has never been a man on the roll of the University who has done so much. Another, Dr. Edersheim (alas, that within a few weeks of his decease I should be writing the late Dr. Edersheim), on the teaching staff of the

University, is renowned far and wide as a scholar and an author. Edersheim, indeed, was a marvellous instance—one among many instances—of the force and reality of conversion to the Christian religion. The son of a wealthy Jewish banker, and of the highest distinction at the University of Vienna, at the completion of his University course, and in the maturity of his powers, he passed over to Christianity. No one could hear Edersheim preach at Oxford or in London, or study his colossal "Life of Christ," or read such papers on religious subjects as those which he contributed to *The Edinburgh Review*, or be admitted, as was happily my own case, into a personal knowledge of him that revealed the profound wisdom and philosophy of his intellect, without realising the depth and reality of the change. In a letter to a friend he shows exactly the state of the Jewish mind before it is brought to a knowledge of Christian truth:

"I had never seen a New Testament till I received the first copy from the hand of the Presbyterian minister. I shall never forget the first impression of the 'Sermon on the mount,' nor yet the surprise and the deep feeling by which the reading of the New Testament was followed. That which I had

so hated was *not* Christianity; and that which I had not known, and which opened such untold depths, was the teaching of Jesus of Nazareth."

Many other illustrious Hebrew names might be enumerated. Perhaps the most eminent example of these would be Edersheim's friend, Neander, whose genius and learning stemmed the rising tide of Neology in Germany, and whose great work was the first of those monumental Lives of Christ which have been such a characteristic of our time. The Christianity of our time owes an infinite debt to Neander the Jew, and to other Jews who, like Edersheim, have followed in his footsteps. There is one Jew, in Anglican orders, with whose friendship I have been honoured, and of whose work I have seen a great deal within recent years. He has a very unique and remarkable history, and conducts his work upon his own lines. There is no reason why I should not mention my friend's name, which is the Rev. Michael Rosenthal, a name which is now widely known in contemporary religious history. He had been a Jewish Rabbi, and had risen to considerable eminence among his own people. Although quite a young man when he was con-

verted to Christianity, still he had already been employed in a position of great trust and honour among the Jews. He visited a large number of Jewish communities of Europe, Asia, and Africa, and preached in their languages in behalf of his people in the Holy Land. The latter, the Rabbis particularly, are maintained by the contributions which are thus annually collected for them among their wealthy brethren in the Diaspora. For many years all went on quietly and prosperously. My friend had a love of knowledge and of scenery; he learned many languages and gathered together many curiosities.

Then gradually one of those changes came which stir the very roots of moral being, and colour and shape all a man's future history. It came in a very gradual and unsensational way, in a way very different to the ordinary history of religious conversion.

He came to London, and made the acquaintance of his well-known compatriot, Dr. Ewald. He had amassed various manuscripts and precious coins, and some of these he disposed of, with the help and advice of his friend. In the course of time he had

become thoroughly grounded in the principles of the Christian faith, and was admitted by baptism into the Church. After he had been baptized, like St. Paul, he returned to Damascus to preach the faith which he had once despised and arraigned. Here he opened a night-school, the surest of all methods of spreading Christian knowledge, and had to stand the full brunt of obloquy and public opposition. The sacrifices which he made in becoming a Christian were of the most serious. He was favourably known to many Jewish communities. It seemed to lie easily within his reach to become the Chief Rabbi of a Jewish community in one of the capitals of the world. But when we have learned to grasp divine truth, there is no sacrifice it enjoins which we can dare withhold.

One of the greatest trials that a Jewish convert can experience is the thorough breaking down of family ties. Even Sir Moses Montefiore was no exception to the bitter hostility among the Hebrews towards those who had renounced Judaism for Christianity. A friend of mine, accompanied by his wife, went to see him at his place at Ramsgate. They were kindly and hospitably treated. He spoke

of his own wife, and had his guests driven to see the mausoleum he had erected for her. Yet this same man, so highly and justly celebrated for his humanity, renounced his own sister when she became Christian, never came near her, or made her the least bequest. One of his sisters was for many years the Lady Abbess of ——.

I have read some heartrending letters from well-nigh broken-hearted fathers to or about their sons, on their entering the Christian Church. I am able to print part of a letter of a very curious and interesting kind, which one of my friend's relatives sent to him after he had joined the Christian Church.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE HEBREW.]

"*On the 5th day of the month Sivan*, 5629.
"VIENNA.

"TO HIS RELATIVE MICHAEL ROSENTHAL.

"MY FRIEND! MY FRIEND!

"I am full of grief and overcome with sorrow on reading of your evil deed. What shall I now say or speak? My heart is burning within me. Woe unto us, for both my own hope and that of my poor sister

is perished. We hoped for certain that you would bring forth grapes, and behold, wild grapes. Is this the recompense to your pious parents for the great pains they took with you, that you have abandoned the law of Israel for that which is no good; that you have denied the true faith, even the faith in the living God? Did you go to London to join yourself to fools and profane men, to that offspring of the mixed multitude; to associate with the seed of evil-doers and the sons of Belial? Did you ever see good Jews or the sons of wise men thus change their holy faith? If there are any, they are only of the mob, the outcast and the wicked. These are such as change the faith of their fathers, the holy faith of Israel for a lie. Now our souls weep in secret, for the spirit of piety and devotion has left him who is our beloved, our bone and our flesh, and in whose integrity we used to glory. Woe unto you, for you have fallen into the snares of the wicked seducers (missionaries) who for greedy gain take captive the souls of the children of Israel. But what have you to do with them? Did you join them for the purpose of passing your life in vanity and indolence? Think of the disgrace and sorrow you have brought upon all your dear ones. Consider

what you have done; put away madness. For God's sake, for the sake of your saintly father, for the sake of all of us who love you so much, do not throw away the glorious prospects which are within your reach. Lift up your eyes and see, for you are in a great danger. Were you anxious to know whether I would return to you the property which you entrusted to me? Far be it from me to do anything of the kind, so long as you remain a Christian. Moreover, know for certain, that as my soul lives, were it not for the hope that you might still return to the Lord, for the merits of your saintly ancestors, I should never have written to you this letter. And now, if you return unto the Lord our God with all your heart, we also will receive you with as loving hearts as before; but if, God forbid, you remain a Christian, pray, never write to me again, for I shall not read your letters. I, and all, will cast you out of our hearts. . ."

The curious touch will be noticed that the zealot Jew thought himself perfectly justified in confiscating his relative's property on account of his supposed apostasy.

Rosenthal's services have been largely useful in

the Church of England. He works almost altogether on his own lines, which would be what is called High Church. He is attached to St. Paul's, Haggerston, where he has baptized more than two hundred converts. I have been permitted to preach when at these great functions many adult Jews and Jewesses have been baptized. His work was promoted for him by the former Vicar (now Bishop of Truro) and the congregation of St. Peter's, Eaton Square. Many of these Jews are now filling posts of great honour and ability, doing efficient work in the localities where they live. Some are preparing at various theological colleges, intending to take up missionary work at home and abroad. Others are acting as lay readers among Jews and Germans. These Jews and Jewesses come from all parts of the Dispersion (ἡ Διασπόρη), and return to all parts of the world, carrying with them the truths that they have learned.

I have some knowledge of a parish in the east of London where there is a population of five thousand, of whom some three thousand are Jews. Of course the clergyman regards them as a part of his people, and is anxious to do all he can for these peculiar parishioners. Here my friend Rosenthal finds one

of the largest spheres of his activity. One night I attended the Anglican evensong in the Hebrew language at St. Augustine's, Stepney, a parish in which another large mission-house for Jews has recently been opened. The whole service was in Hebrew; psalms, lesson, prayers, hymns, address. There was something strange, and sweet, and musical; something, too, that was a little sad in this unwonted service. The preacher had a thorough mastery of his subject and his audience; he was speaking his native tongue, and was among his native people, and his utterances flowed forth with a warmth and readiness which could hardly be reproduced in a foreign language. The audience was chiefly made up of young men. Rarely ever have I seen in Christian congregations such a service full of men. There was a sprinkling of Jewish women. The lecture was the first of a series, and the church was not quite full. I was told that later on the church would be crammed to the very door.

There is a great movement astir among the Jews, both at home and abroad, of which the outside world has very little knowledge. I do not here enter on what would, nevertheless, be a very interesting

subject: the vast amount of immigration, especially from Russia, into the Holy Land, and also the remarkable movement in Bessarabia, where the Jews, recognising the New Testament, have founded a Church on lines of their own, quite apart from Greek, Latin, and Anglican, and consequently which none of the three would recognise as quite orthodox. In London a remarkable process has been going on within the last dozen years. The ferocity of Jewish hatred against perverters is sensibly abated, and there is now a real spirit of inquiry abroad among intelligent Hebrews.

When the Christian Evidence Society was formed, I threw myself with some energy into its work. The great argument of modern times, the controversy between science and theology, had always a great fascination for me, and I dealt with it so far as my limited powers permitted, by speech and pen. I did not attempt to split any lance with the redoubtable chiefs of science. I wished to examine the nature and extent of unbelief in the society in which I moved myself, and among the working classes. I approached the matter rather on the literary and popular side, and great pains were necessary even to accomplish thus much. To any earnest lover of truth there need

be no acrimonious controversy respecting religion and science. One truth cannot be antagonistic to another truth, and every honest search for truth cannot fail to be acceptable to Him who is the Truth. But I found that there are a great many people, who take most superficial views on these matters and very little serious thought respecting them, who are glad enough to seize hold of any points of intellectual difficulty, in order to discredit revelation, and sometimes even morality. I know that in the clubs it was very much as the Bishop of Peterborough puts it in a recent paper. "There is an agnosticism which is simply the cowardly escaping from the pain and difficulty of contemplating and trying to solve the terrible problems of life by the help of the convenient phrase 'I don't know,' which very often means 'I don't care.' 'We don't know anything, don't you know, about these things. Professor Huxley, don't you know, says that we do not, and I agree with him. Let us split a B. and S.'" * I have often thought of what Pascal said respecting the unbelievers of his day, that they were unbelievers not because they had inquired in vain, but because they had never inquired at all.

* *Contemporary Review*, March, 1889.

This was at least the character of most of those with whom I came in personal contact. I did what I could in this matter, and on one occasion I was honoured with a long, passionate attack by Mr. Bradlaugh in his periodical.

In connection with the Christian Evidence Society I did some lecturing work so far as I could find spare time for so doing. I thus lectured at several places in London, at Nottingham, and in the south-west. I thus lectured at Cardiff, Clifton, Weston-super-Mare, Torquay, Exeter, Plymouth, etc. It was an interesting kind of work, of the same kind as deputation work, of which I have taken a slight share in my time. I was much impressed with some of the chairmen who presided at my meetings. One of these was Dr. Boyd, the late Dean of Exeter, who had been a most deservedly popular preacher at Cheltenham and at Paddington. Dr. Boyd had taken a deep interest in the question of belief and unbelief, and I had heard him speak on the subject very effectively. But Dean Boyd's reading on the subject seemed to come to an abrupt end with the publication of "Essays and Reviews." He never seemed to have mastered the speculations of our later writers, such as Darwin, Huxley,

Spencer, and John Stuart Mill, or to have watched the protean forms which the subject is always assuming in contemporary literature and society. Hence there was an old-fashioned flavour about him, which rather put him out of court with younger minds. But he was a most generous-hearted man; devout, kindly, wise, and I greatly regretted that an earlier engagement prevented me from accepting the hospitality which he offered. At Plymouth we had as chairman the late Admiral King-Hall, who seemed to take the liveliest possible interest in the promotion of every plan which he thought good. At another meeting our chairman was Lord Blachford, who had done so much good in colonial work. At Clifton I think my chairmen of two evenings were kindly-voiced, kindly-hearted Bishop Anderson, whose enormous diocese of Rupert's Land has been broken up into four dioceses that are still enormous; and Flavel Cook, who refused to administer the cup to a Mr. Jenkins on account of unorthodox opinions. The litigation, which I believe might easily have been prevented by the Bishop in the first instance, went from court to court, and against the clergyman. Though absolute ruin stared him in the face, Flavel Cook adhered resolutely to his deter-

mination. He was a relation of Mr. Cook of *The Saturday Review*, and I believe at one time a contributor to its columns. To my mind, he is one of the most original, thoughtful, and trenchant speakers of the present day.

I cannot say that I was quite satisfied with my own work, or that of others, in regard to lecturing of this kind. I had considerably to modify my own views and plans. I found there was a weak point in the system; *we advertised the enemy*. The audiences were at times very nice; only too nice. They were not the kind of people we wanted. We had good Christian people who came to the lectures with a view of obtaining good, and for the first time in their lives they might hear of all sorts of infidelities of which they had no suspicion before. I soon saw that this kind of lecturing was to be given up. The proper plan was to adopt a constructive method; that is to say, bring out the arguments and array of facts that will tend to the confirmation of faith, not to advertise error; that when the error has become known, our people may be instructed how to meet it. I have on several occasions noted how much harm may be done by good matter being in-

judiciously handled. A celebrated dean came to preach in a large country church on the subject of prayer. He was a man of fair and philosophic mind, and thought it his duty to state every argument against prayer fully and frankly, with the intention of giving them a triumphant refutation presently; but at the end of three-quarters of an hour his voice had grown thin and cracked, and the attention of the people was exhausted. They went away with their minds much exercised by all the objections that existed to their pious habits. I remember Bishop Temple falling into something of the same error at a missionary meeting at Exeter. One of the oldest and most respected of his clergy came to me, holding up his hands in horror, saying: "Was it not dreadful to hear the Bishop attacking missions in this way?" I explained to him, to his great relief, that Dr. Temple was in no wise attacking missions, but upholding them strongly, though in an argument which, to my dear friend, was somewhat involved and obscure. If I had not ventured to set him right, my friend's mind would have been greatly distressed.

My impression is that the ordinary congregations

that fill, or partially fill, our churches, take very little interest in discussions of this kind. I find that in these matters I have to make great allowances, first for my own ignorance, and then for the ignorance of other people. I remember preaching a sermon on the death of Darwin, my text being, "The works of the Lord are great, sought out by all them that have pleasure therein." I mentioned Darwin's testimony to the works of Christian missions in his Patagonian experiences. I argued that the scientific imagination was one thing, and demonstrated fact another; that scientific beliefs prove themselves transient, or liable to constant modification; and I urged strongly that people should study that splendid page of Nature in which God has made a revelation of Himself, as in His Word. While going among my people—an ordinary run of middle-class people—I was not able to find out that they really had any knowledge of Darwin and Darwinism. On the other hand, a friend of mine—a lady who goes a good deal among the Westminster poor, and makes herself responsible for a daily dinner to many of them—tells me that even among the poor laundresses there is much infidel talk, and she has met some who are

quite conversant with the writings of John Stuart Mill.

I remember after church time, one Sunday evening, turning into a street off the Euston Road, and passing a kind of hall. At one of the windows of this hall there was a printed notice running something in this way: "The Principles of Infidelity taught here every Sunday evening." I entered the hall, in which there were benches, and also little chairs and tables; not full, but with a great many people, including some women and children. A man was fluently addressing the audience, in a strain of ribald blasphemy, even much worse than the mock litanies that I have heard in the Park. After violently attacking the facts of the New Testament, he called on any one in that place to answer his objections, if it could be done. I made my way to the platform, and asked leave to avail myself of his invitation and to take part in the discussion. Having had some practice in this kind of thing—and without some practice one would be hardly justified in interfering—I spoke with what force I could for half an hour. I was pleased to see that I entirely carried the audience with me. My opponent looked very much disgusted,

and as good as intimated that I had taken a mean advantage of him. I was quite satisfied that the people who attended these infidel meetings were not themselves infidels, that they simply attended from a desire to see or hear something fresh, and that they had a real kind of response for Christian feeling and Christian teaching.

I have endeavoured to watch some of those abnormal religious developments that have been so common in our time. For myself, I find great contentment in the grandeur and simplicity of our Anglican ritual, and would desire little else than to tread in the old paths. I believe that this is an opinion common to those who have taken their part in the conflict of opinions and practices within the pale of the Church, and "as the river of life nears to the rapids," find infinite sweetness in the ancient customary ways. Still there is a certain restlessness and impatience respecting the worn grooves of religious life, and we have to deal with the *zeitgeist* that is in the air. The Anglican clergy have evoked every kind of machinery to meet the new wants, but I believe that they have still a need of greater

elasticity and freedom. This restless feeling has shown itself very curiously in the two extremes of the Roman Catholic Church and of Protestant dissent. The passion for religious pilgrimages in the South of France, and the readiness to give credit to new miracles and new dogmas, indicates the one side. Such a phenomenon as the Salvation Army indicates the other.

It requires some effort to do justice to the substantial good wrought by the Salvation Army. There is so very much that is painful and disgusting in their irreverence; but I cannot permit myself to doubt that they have done great things. John Bright has truly spoken of a residuum in English society with which both preachers and politicians seem equally powerless to cope. Now, I believe that the Salvation Army has touched that residuum, and that, after an immense rebate has been made, it may take credit for great good. It often breaks up the fallow ground, and leading people to a rudimentary sense of religion, has enabled them to make a start for building themselves up. I remember going with two brother clergymen into the slums of Bristol to a Salvation meeting. To all outward view

the people present seemed the lowest of the low. Each prayer was limited to a few minutes, and consisted of a kind of prolonged shriek; they were all delivered at the top of the voice. Each person said exactly the same thing; each thanked God for saving his or her soul, and prayed that He would save the souls of others. This was all very nice and good, as far as it went; it was no business of mine to question their sincerity. They were much better off when thus employed than in the slums and the gin palaces. I have never been able to reconcile myself to many of their ways, but I believe that, with all their errors, they have done immense good, and I have always been desirous to maintain friendly relations with them.

I went to hear one of the Miss Booths give an address at a *salon de lecture* in one of the boulevards of Paris. The French was not faultless—a little in the style of "Stratford-atte-Bow"—but it was quite intelligible. What she said was chiefly wrong. What she said was a tirade against the Roman Catholic religion, and as almost the only religion in France is among the Roman Catholics, it was a great mistake. But she had a fine, Madonna-like face, with an

expression of great purity and earnestness, and a singularly winning and persuasive manner. I confess that I have always had a very strong prejudice against women speaking in public, and even such good political speakers as Mrs. Ashton Dilke and Lilian Ashworth (that was), Mr. Bright's niece, have been unable to remove it. But I have found ladies who have exhibited remarkable powers in addressing audiences of women and children. I had a lady once staying with me during a mission, and she spoke to large gatherings of children with such clearness and sweetness of voice, with such mastery of anecdote and illustration, that she held the most restless auditory spell-bound. The other day, while resting beneath the immense chestnut in the grounds of Beckenham Rectory, I thought of Miss Marsh and her addresses to the "navvies," who were cutting up the sweet Kentish meadows into railways. Miss Marsh did not disdain the aid of splendid attire and much ornamentation in impressing the mind of navvies. I have known several good ladies, who, when a fresh line has been opened up, have given teaching and all other good things to the navigators, who, according to Mr. Ruskin,

are able to devour exactly six times as much as other people. We are told of the seven daughters of Agabus that did "prophesy"— I suppose, in Jeremy Taylor's sense of "Liberty of Prophesying," that is, preaching. This gives some colour and support to female preaching, although I am sure that womanly women will do so with great moderation, and only under special conditions.

One day I had been sauntering through the delightful park of Sevenoaks, and emerged into some woodlands near the lower town. I fell into conversation with a fine, frank, pleasant fellow who had been taking a holiday of a fortnight's bicycling. He said that he had been lodging about in the country places, and had found the Kentish people extremely hospitable. They would let him pay for his board but not for his bed. In Yorkshire they were still more hospitable. He paid neither for bed nor board. In the course of our talk I ventured to ask him in what line of life he was.

"Oh, I am in the army," he said. "In fact I am on the staff."

I was rather puzzled. He was a nice kind of man, but hardly put me in mind of a staff officer.

"I suppose," I hinted, "that you are in the Militia?"

"Not so," he answered.

"Then," I said, but a little dubiously, "I expect you are in the Volunteers?"

"No," he said, a little proudly; "I am on the staff of the Salvation Army."

Then he invited me to come and "liquor up" at a People's Café, on tea or cocoa. He was such a pleasant young fellow that I was really sorry that my engagement did not permit me to accompany him in his harmless revel.

I was travelling on the Underground one evening, and I found that I was in the midst of a detachment of the Salvation Army. I was much troubled in mind whether I had taken the right train, whether I had not mistaken Notting Hill for Notting Hill Gate; there being, for many people, some confusion between these two stations.

"Pray, sir," I said to my next neighbour, "can you kindly tell me whether this train goes to Notting Hill or Notting Hill Gate?"

"Hallelujah, hallelujah!" he replied. "We are all going to heaven."

There was a general confirmatory murmur, "Hallelujah, hallelujah! we are going to heaven. Are you going there too?"

"I am glad to hear that you are going to heaven," I reply; "but are you going there by way of Notting Hill or Notting Hill Gate?"

They seemed taken aback by this, but settled my difficulty for me. They were going by Notting Hill Gate. Then they kindly preached to me, which I did not at all mind. Then they set to work, singing and using wind instruments, until I was obliged to take refuge elsewhere from the intolerable noise.

The Church of England, rising to the occasion, has taken a lesson from the Salvation Army, and has instituted a Church Army. One of the Captains kindly came to stay ten days with me, and I had opportunities of observing closely both him and his work, and was very favourably impressed by both. There was a simplicity, directness, and honesty about him which proved very effective. There was another Church Army man, a cleric, who was summoned by the police for obstructing a thoroughfare. He had great hopes of being committed to prison, for, like other worthy people, he would have no objection to

pose as a martyr in a good cause. The magistrates simply imposed a fine of half-a-sovereign, or a distraint on goods and chattels. There was no glory in that sort of thing and comparatively little martyrdom, and so the fine was paid.

I met, in a steamer off the Welsh coast, perhaps the most narrow-minded sectarian I ever encountered. This is saying a good deal, as there is much competition for such a distinction. It was a young woman, belonging, I think, to the Christadelphians or some such obscure sect. She took a gloomy view of the eternal prospects of the human race. She told me that she considered the number of the eternally saved would not amount to more than half-a-dozen. I asked her who those happy individuals might be. She said that they would consist of herself, her uncle Tom, and she had great hopes of her cousin Bob; the other three were to be selected from the world at large; but evidently heaven was to be a close family borough.

These abnormal forms of religion are very curious. One afternoon, in a Brighton drawing-room, I had the honour of being introduced to the "converted boxer." He said that in his unconverted days one

of his occupations had been to fight a bull-dog with his hands bound. The stakes were heavy, and the arrangement was that he and the bull-dog should fight until one or the other was killed. Eventually he seized the bull-dog by the throat and killed it. He had lately been to contemplate the spot where he had been converted by Mr. Spurgeon, at a particular hour and minute. He presently began to spar round the drawing-room in a highly scientific manner, and explained that he now fought against his adversary, Satan; that the Lord was his second or backer-up, and salvation the stakes. He told us that when he had given up his business of boxing, he had either smashed or given away all that had resulted from his unlawful gains. He had asked the Lord to give him a wife, a young and a very pretty wife—great stress upon this—and he had got what he asked for. There was no doubt of his sincerity.

One interesting man whom I met was Henry Bazeley, the "Oxford Evangelist," as he was called, whose "Life" has been published, and who had a curious history. I met him in a vicarage in a big Welsh town, where the show of the Royal Agri-

cultural Society was attracting a large number of people. He put a chair on the pavement and harangued the multitude. I stayed in the same house with him for a few days, during which he began to study the Welsh language, being a man of much ability with great linguistic tastes. The curious point in his history is that, having taken Anglican orders, he deliberately went back to the Church of Scotland, and opened a Presbyterian chapel in Oxford. His attempt to bring over Oxford to Presbyterianism was either a comparative or a superlative failure. During the eighteen years that he was at Oxford no man was better known and respected than was Bazeley. Some of the best friends whom I have ever had, and to whom I have felt myself in many ways greatly indebted, have been Presbyterians, Nonconformists, and laymen. I have often seen much to regret in the condition of some of the Nonconformist ministers. In a recent life of Bishop Bickersteth, of Ripon, by his son, the Bishop says that several times a month he was asked for Episcopalian orders from a Dissenting minister. In speaking of this to one of our present bishops, who presides over a large diocese, he told me that he

had about five such applications every fortnight. I remember one Independent minister coming to me and complaining grievously of the treatment that he received from his elders, who treated him ungraciously, limited his powers, and reduced his salary. Unlike those mentioned by the Bishop, he did not see his way to leave his old roads; but was persecuted in one city until he fled unto another.

I have tried to study Spurgeon and Spurgeonism. He presents some of the most remarkable religious phenomena of our time. Mr. Spurgeon ranks among my first and my latest recollections. In the intermediate space he has done immense work and made immense advances. Whether you hear Mr. Spurgeon or read him, you perceive that he is one of the greatest of orators. He reminds you of such men as Bourdaloue, Massillon, Fénelon, and would not suffer in the comparison. I suppose, to take a nearer comparison, that he is as much like John Bright in many respects. No man is more studied by his Nonconformist brethren of the ministry, and by the clergy of the Church of England, and he is always found helpful and suggestive. He is a man of enormous reading, except, indeed, in patristic and

German theology, and his works form a perfect mine of religious knowledge. His "Treasury of David" is found in every good library. I heard him once preach a sermon on Moses and Pisgah, and he said: "What a subject for a painter or an orator! But I am no painter or orator. I only say the truth in a plain way." But here Mr. Spurgeon does himself injustice. He is both orator and painter; but the enunciation of truth is his great object, and painting and oratory are quite subservient to this. I know of no more imposing sight than Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, when some seven or eight thousand people are hanging upon his lips, that distil light and sweetness. He must have exercised an enormous educating influence upon the people. I have been told that many people for whom he had broken up the fallow ground, have been gathered into churches. A whole network of literary, charitable, and religious institutions are connected with his name.

One evening I attended a bazaar for one of his many charitable objects. I am bound to say that the bazaar afforded a very favourable contrast to various plundering institutions of that sort, of which I have had some painful experiences in my time.

Everything was good, and sold at least as cheaply as in the shops.

The humours of the bazaar were kept up by Mr. Spurgeon in another part of the edifice. He was giving a lecture on candles. He made his appearance as a carpenter, wearing a paper cap on his head. He was supposed to be struggling and groping in the dark in search of his light, forgetting that he carried a tallow candle greasily stuck through his hair, between the forehead and the cap. His object was to illustrate the case of a man complaining of a want of grace. He could not complain of a want of grace unless he possessed a measure of grace, just as the carpenter could not hunt for a candle unless he had the light of a candle to hunt by. It was the kind of vivid illustration to which Mr. Spurgeon was once very much addicted, but which he has now reduced within very rigorous limits. There were some very severe strictures on the conduct of the clergy of the Church of England, which is also a line of criticism which Mr. Spurgeon has very much modified.

After the lecture had been delivered, he held a kind of levée. One person after another went up

and consulted the oracle. I ventured to do so myself, and received a very kindly greeting. No one can excel Mr. Spurgeon in the grace and kindliness of his salutation. I ventured to correct what I considered a mistake, Mr. Spurgeon having attributed to Dr. Pusey something that was really a translation from Avrillon. He was good enough to say that the time was fast approaching when I should be released from my ecclesiastical fetters. I assured him that I did not at all feel the weight of these fetters, and was not at all anxious for emancipation. I told him that he wielded a battle-axe, but there was also room in the order of things for the humble penknife, and that each had its appropriate work. He quite endorsed my illustration.

I heard Mr. Spurgeon preach twice, after an interval of many years since I had first heard him, and considered the advance made immense. The comic element has nearly died out, and the wisdom, piety, and learning have all advanced. I sent him a letter of thanks for one sermon that I heard. There was not the least necessity to acknowledge it, but he sent back a very kindly answer.

I afterwards met Mr. Spurgeon at Mentone, at

his hotel, a small and pleasant one of pronounced Protestant principles, almost at the end of the east bay. He had lately had an accident, having fallen downstairs at the Villa Louise, at the back of his hotel. He looked ill, and his nervous system had evidently sustained a severe shock; but, as he said in a printed letter, he would willingly undergo another smart if he could save some poor, prayerless sinner. He was lying on a sofa, but not in quite such a restful mood as his friends might have wished for him. There were a lot of proofs on his little table, with which he was very busy. His face was sicklied over with the pale cast of thought, and also, I am afraid, with exhaustion from his illness. He had a smile of irresistible sweetness. You saw that the whole nature of the man was full of humour, which from first to last was constantly overflowing.

He had morning prayers at his hotel, every day at half-past ten, as soon as his health permitted him. I went there several times, and never without profit and delight. They never lasted above twenty minutes, and a marvellous amount of directness and condensation was found in that twenty minutes. The average week-day attendance was hardly more than a score, and he

took as much pains in speaking to us as he would in addressing the six thousand people in the Tabernacle. Although suffering from his accident, his voice was of superb quality both for sweetness and power. What most impressed me was both a rugged sincerity of tone and also the clear-cut, gem-like sentences that fell from him, fraught both with intensely feeling and telling incisiveness. It was difficult for me to tell whether such sayings were carefully prepared, or were quite spontaneous; my idea is that the latter was the case.

I saw nothing of that polemical spirit which I had noted on former occasions. Indeed he did not use a single word that had a controversial character. I saw much of undoubted tact and good taste and real kindliness. It would be impossible from anything that he said to gather even that he was a Nonconformist.

I could not help speculating what would have been Mr. Spurgeon's lot if he had entered the ministry of the Church of England. I am afraid that he would have found no *nidus* or environment that would have made him what he is. He would probably have become the vicar of a large town parish, and would have been in considerable request as a deputation. He

could not have built in his own parish or in any other parish a church capable of holding the thousands that would come to him. The Church of England has no elasticity that would enable it to comprehend such a marvellous phenomenon.

CHAPTER IV.

SOME DAYS IN LONDON AND ELSEWHERE.

My longest sojourn in London was for fourteen months, only broken by going down to Penzance in the heart of the winter, and a run into North Wales for an autumn holiday. As a rule I get a certain number of weeks each year in London, but at this period I had a continuous residence of fourteen months with breaks for seven weeks' holiday. It was during this time that I had some experience as "a gentleman of the press." My clerical work was extraordinarily light; lighter than it had been before. I would willingly have done more; but my choice was practically between this very light duty and some very heavy curacy, which I could not afford to accept. I have no objection to a curacy. Many men deliberately prefer the position of a curate to that of an incumbent. I have no sympathy with those who say that they are not going to do

curate's work any longer. It is an honourable work, in which a man may be well content to grow old and die. But I had given hostages to fortune, and was utterly unable, in the interests of others, to give myself entirely to curate's work and curate's stipend. I have known much better men than myself who have been deterred by similar considerations. Once a London incumbent, with an enormous population, asked me to be his curate, and said that when I had preached my Sunday sermon I might do as little work as I chose. As I, too, had a soul to be saved, I did not see how these eight thousand other souls could be systematically neglected.

I took charge of one of the West End churches for a time, while the friendly incumbent took his holiday. Afterwards another friendly clergyman then made me a proposal that I should take one sermon a Sunday, either morning or evening, as might be arranged. It was at a village or small town on the banks of the Thames, and various splendid days I spent in that charming neighbourhood, receiving much kindly hospitality. The lightness of this work enabled me now and then to give a friend a helping hand, especially in the East End, to which I have

felt myself strongly drawn at times; for many years past I have given some time each year to an East End parish. It also gave me the opportunity of hearing those who were considered the great preachers of the day. The preacher above all with whom I was impressed was Canon Liddon, whose acquaintance I had the happiness to make, and to whom in many ways I have felt under a great load of obligation. Having so much time on my hands, besides my usual literary work I availed myself of a journalistic opening that came. I had previously been offered something of the same sort; but being quite out of sympathy with the journal in question, I did not think it right to accept the offer. But for some years I had had a slight connection with one of the daily papers, to which I used to contribute reviews and social articles. It was proposed to me that I should join the staff, and take my share of political leader writing, and "anything else that might be going." It was rather irksome work, and took me out of the quiet literary paths to which I was accustomed. I had to earn a character for punctuality and despatch, which I found rather difficult to achieve. When I had made up my mind

what to write about, and had worked up my subject, an editor, obliged to be imperious, would suddenly set me down to something else. There had been a public meeting with some remarkable speeches, or a Blue Book was just out, or something important had suddenly cropped up, and I had to turn out something at a very short notice. Sometimes a boy would be waiting in the club lobby for "copy." Sometimes I did not know what I had written until I saw it in print, and did not think much of it. Occasionally the editor had manipulated my remarks in a way of which I did not approve, but I philosophically concluded that he best knew his own business and was probably in the right.

To a man accustomed to do his reading and thinking in country places and in a leisurely manner, all this was very trying. Nevertheless, I am not sorry to have had the experience. Neither am I sorry that it came to an end not long after the end of the session. The chief thing wanted in the press, I found out, was good political leader writing; but an unfortunate habit of looking at a subject all round stood much in my way. While the session of Parliament lasted, it was very

interesting to get up my subjects. I acquired a strange familiarity with the lobby of the House of Commons. Of course I had been there frequently in my time, and sent in my name to friendly members, to ask them to admit me into the strangers' gallery, and, better still, to put me under the clock on the floor of the House of Commons. At the present time strangers are cleared away from the lobby, and through the increase of members the courted seats under the clock are very much limited. A curious circumstance once happened within my knowledge in the House. A dear old friend of mine, a country gentleman, seeing no one at the door, deliberately entered the House, and sat down among the members, being a man who looked every inch an M.P. He actually sat there as long as he chose, and then withdrew, without the least notice being taken of his intrusion. I warned him very solemnly not to repeat that perilous experiment. As one of the leader writers of a London daily, I had a passport given me which ensured me a very pleasant and agreeable place in the reporters' gallery. The reporters were in the first line, and behind were the cushioned seats for editors and leader writers. When

it was not very full, I used to have a lounge, and being very near-sighted, even used an opera-glass. I took no notes, and merely listened to the speeches, which certainly often recalled David Copperfield's "Parliamentary Bag-pipes." A field day and some really great speeches made, however, ample amends. We press people had capital refreshments, good meals at moderate charges, and some of the men seemed good fellows to the core, with whom I should have been delighted to cultivate further relations. They could probably have made quite as good speeches as those which they reported. They seemed to speak their minds freely, and enjoy themselves thoroughly. When I have dined with a friendly member in the House itself, I observed just the same thing. There was a sort of *camaraderie* among the members which was very striking.

It was very pleasant also on a summer afternoon to go with a member on the terrace of the House. I may be thought to have neglected my political duties; but in fact only one leader in three was based upon a parliamentary debate, and I was on various occasions in my place simply for my own somewhat qualified enjoyment. The terrace was much more

pleasant, and there also was the gracious presence of ladies. They had afternoon tea, with pleasant adjuncts, and the men quite as often took "strong waters," with iced effervescents. The great men of both parties would pass and repass, and it was pleasant to see them in their unreserve. The peers look very stately when you watch them, as I have had an opportunity of doing as they marched into their lobbies for a division. It reminds me of those rather Jingo lines of Goldsmith's, which made that sturdy, Tory old Briton, Dr. Johnson, shed tears:

> Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
> I see the lords of human kind pass by.

I think, however, that the less both Lords and Commons have with pride and defiance the better. I notice how our legislators seem to rejoice in maintaining and manifesting a high physical condition. A public man cannot afford to be ill; he resents the suspicion of it. I remember very well, many years ago, being in the lobby of the House when it was entirely deserted, and Lord Palmerston happened to come by. He looked intensely weak and weary. You might have taken him to be a hundred years

old. Directly he saw that he was somewhat intently observed, he gathered himself together and showed an almost military precision. He died a few months later. Many years later, I was staying at Worthing when Disraeli was sojourning for a time at the "Marine Hotel." He kept himself very quiet, would hardly show himself, and would see no visitors. Just in front of the hotel is the pier, which at the dinner-hour is ordinarily deserted. I was sitting there, having a quiet time, when I observed opposite to me Mr. Disraeli and Lady Beaconsfield. I have special sympathy with all bronchial patients. Disraeli seemed weary and depressed, and, indeed, very feeble. He reminded me of the last time that I had seen Lord Palmerston. And, like Lord Palmerston, he drew himself up to his height and at once discarded all appearance of languor. Of course I took a close observation of him; but my coming to the pier-head was purely accidental.

I remember meeting the late Professor W. K. Clifford and his wife, at a big party at the Mint. There were some of Huxley's people there, Barnett, of St. Jude's, and the scientific class mustered largely. I was much interested in them, and Clifford was a

great deal more friendly than, considering what were his views of religion and the clergy, might have been expected. He did not even then look at all strong. They told me that they were about to take a walking tour in Wales, taking nothing but what they could carry in their pockets, and sending on their luggage from time to time to meet them at different points. They were to have their head-quarters in a riverside cottage, which one of the Crawshays was to lend them. It was a capital plan, the sort of thing which I have often advocated in word and deed. I suppose that poor Clifford was even then meditating his own sad epitaph: "I was not; I lived; I loved; I am not." As an atheistic epitaph, it is spoilt by the words, "I love." No possible combination of atoms could compose its own epitaph, and that epitaph setting forth his "love." The very word "love" has an instinct of soul and immortality about it; it is the very circumstance that differentiates the human being from all other organisations.

I remember in those days taking up the subject of Lord Bute, the favourite and Premier of George III., and as report affirmed, the favourite also of his

mother. I wrote a paper on Lord Bute in a quarterly publication, and contributed another on the same subject to the "Encyclopædia Britannica." I heard that there was a vast mass of the Bute correspondence in the hands of the Earl of Harrowby, the father of the present peer. I obtained an introduction to Lord Harrowby, and went to see him in Grosvenor Square. He was one of the kindest and most genial of men. There was no doubt, too, that here was treasure trove. Yes, said Lord Harrowby, he had the papers; they filled whole boxes. And the kind-hearted nobleman quite gave me the impression that things might be so arranged that I might have some use of the letters. There was nothing that I should have liked better than to have spent some time in their examination and arrangement. I had the opportunity of talking over the matter with the late Mr. Blackwood. He fully appreciated the great interest and importance of the Bute correspondence. But from the publisher's point he thought that so much had been already published about Lord Bute, that he doubted whether another work on the subject would be a business success. I have learned, however, to look with some doubt on the conclusions of publishers in such matters

of literary interest. The papers are doubtless still in possession of the present Lord Harrowby, and it is to be hoped that they will yet be edited. I point out the existence of the mine, which indeed has always been an open secret.

Some of my dealings with publishers were amusing. I went at one season to a friendly publisher and proposed to write a book for him, the title of which would consist of one sublime word. "And that word?" he asked. "*Immortality*," I answered. "My dear sir," said the publisher, drily, "it is a subject in which the public do not take the slightest interest." I think and hope that the publisher was mistaken. Once I wrote in a religious periodical some papers on the greatest of the Hebrew prophets. When a couple of them had appeared they were stopped, as being too dry. "Don't you think," said one of the editors, "that you might turn it into a story, and call it 'Maher-shalal-hash-baz, a romance of the days of Isaiah'? That would suit the public better."

I have always been in the habit of attending celebrated trials—that is to say, when I could find

time for them. Now and then I used to drop in for the Tichborne trial, with the help of a friendly counsel. In those two trials the court was, at times, so crowded that the leaders in the case were unable to get in their own lady friends, who wished to witness the performance. There was a point in the case in which the plaintiff had to strip before a select audience, for an examination of the bodily marks whereby he claimed recognition. A friend of mine sent me a very neat Latin epigram on the circumstance:

IN TICHBORNUM SE NUDO CORPORE JUDICIBUS MONSTRANTEM.

Gratia cum nymphis geminisque sororibus audet,
  Teste grave Flacco "ducere nuda choros."
Anne eadem, Tichborne, tibi fiducia formæ
  Atque venustatis gloria tanta tuæ,
Nudum ut judicibus te non monstrare timeres
  Membraque deposita veste videnda dares?
Nec melius faceres quam teipsum expromere totum
  Quando id quæsitum est, alter an ipse fores;
Omnes nunc videant ipsissimus ipse fuisses;
  Tegmine eget nullo vera tenaxque fides.
Quod si forte aliquis Coleriggo lora dedisset
  Pro meritis digne te lacerare jubens,
Non equidem dubito te nunc voluisse, quod aiunt
  Alterum et haud ipsum in pelle stetisse tuâ.

I sent the lines to Mr. (now Lord) Justice Bowen, who reported that Lord Coleridge was much pleased with them.

I was very much amused when staying at a big house in having a talk with the eldest son, fated to be an hereditary legislator. I made some inquiry about his line of study. "Formerly," said the young fellow, "I used to study beetles and butterflies, but now I give all my mind to beetles." Another young gentleman said he wished to study "theory." "Theory of what?" He could not say, but theory generally.

I remember meeting a great lady who told me that she went one year to the Wimbledon meeting with her husband, who was then in command. She told me that she had had fifteen hundred callers in the course of a few days. One of them was the poor Prince Imperial, who was accompanied by his governor. The Countess offered him a cup of tea; a look of quick intelligence was given him by his companion, and he accepted the cup. Presently she offered him another cup; again the look of intelligence was exchanged, and the second cup accepted.

Just then the American Ambassador, General Schenck, came in.

"I think, sir," said the General, turning to the Prince Imperial, "that in France you drink much more tea than you used to do."

"Yes," answered the Prince; "we drink it, but we do not like it."

Lord L—— was a younger son, who somewhat suddenly came into possession of nearly two millions of money, and was firmly resolved to get the value of it. Among other things, he greatly valued a good dinner, and his notions of a good dinner were extensive. A friend of mine had been travelling with him on the Continent, and one Saturday night they found themselves in the "Lord Warden Hotel" at Dover. The next day the manager of the hotel spoke to my friend, with a very long face, and producing a very long bill of fare.

"Lord L——," he said; "and it is very inconvenient, as some of our staff are away. Do you think he would mind if I omitted a few of these items which he has ordered?"

"Well," said my friend, "I am quite disinterested

in the matter, as I am making my dinner at lunch-time, and intend to go to church in the evening; but I may as well tell you what Lord L—— will do in case you propose to omit any of these dishes. He will telegraph the contents of that bill of fare to London, and will order a special train to go up and eat it."

I do not know how the matter arranged itself, but I was not surprised to hear that this nobleman eventually died of gout in the stomach. He had one of those dreadful attacks which make a man a veritable Magor-missabib, "a burden to himself and a burden to his friends." As he was shouting and screaming to his people—which is part of the disease, and without which the gout would hardly be complete—the doctors pronounced that there was no hope of his life. When the intelligence was communicated to him, it had a most calming effect. All violence of temper departed, and, humanly speaking, he lived many hours longer than he expected, because he knew that he was to die. He set all his affairs in thorough order, and made an edifying end.

A medical friend of mine was engaged on a work about climatology, which of course included

the diseased conditions which render a change of climate necessary. He invited me to say something in his pages on the subject of the clergyman's sore throat. This kind of sore throat is by no means the exclusive privilege of the clergy. So far as it is "a benefit of clergy," they would be very willing to abdicate their share of it. The best preventive is, I suppose, the custom of having daily prayers in church. It is when the voice is subjected to the great strain of public services only once a week that the throat has a tendency to give way. When there are services all through the week the throat is sustained, and does not feel any unusual pressure on the Sunday. In the course of my remarks I alluded to Mr. Gladstone's little flask, and said that it would be interesting to know, for the sake of those who speak much in public, what so great a master of oratory found of such use to him. Some one, a stranger to me, extracted this passage of mine and sent it to Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone wrote back to say that his preparation was very simple, and he had no objection to say what it was. It simply consisted of egg and sherry, and he took it more for the sake of the egg than for the sake of the sherry; because, having

sometimes to speak unexpectedly and beyond the dinner-hour, he was glad of the mixture as a food rather than as a stimulant.

A man I knew was acquainted with Mr. Gladstone, and got him to come to dinner to meet a small number of like-minded politicians, among whom I certainly had not the honour of being included. At this dinner Mr. Gladstone told the following story. He said that all through his life he had been an excellent sleeper, and it was only on one occasion that he had ever lost a night's rest. All drew up their chairs more closely to hear the extraordinary matter that caused the Premier to lie sleepless. They expected it might be some story of the greatest importance.

"I had been trying," he said, "to cut down an oak at Hagley, and was getting on with it very well. Then I heard the dinner-bell ring, and I was obliged to leave the work unfinished, although not much remained to be done. As I took my candle and went upstairs, the wind had risen high, and was making a great noise. I went to bed, and then the thought suddenly occurred to me that the wind would topple down my oak. The thought occurred to me again

and again, and I really lost a good deal of a night's rest through that oak."

I find I have made some notes of a conversation which I had one evening with a peer, a late Cabinet Minister, shortly after he had returned from some travels in Greece and Turkey. He described his Constantinople experiences with much vivacity. Things were never worse there than at the present time. The whole state of things was that of the grossest corruption. Everybody about the Sultan was in Russian pay. The Sultan lived in a state of constant abject terror. All his predecessors had made a point of riding to the mosque, but he goes in his carriage. His predecessors had generally left all details to their Ministers, but the present man delights in manipulating them. Even if you want an order to see the Treasury the Sultan will sign it himself. If the Sultan has the slightest ailment he will not receive visitors. The Duke of Edinburgh was in a sort of honourable captivity until the Sultan could see him.

The picturesque Oriental garb is disappearing before the Western costume. The fez is universally retained. He spoke of the howling Dervishes. "The

howling Dervish in Oriental dress was picturesque enough; but a man in trousers and morning-coat going off into howls 'louder and louder yet,' and banging his head against doors, was excessively ridiculous."

One Grand Vizier he spoke of with some admiration. He was a man who could pass an examination in Thackeray and Dickens as well as any Englishman. He had been Turkish Ambassador at Paris. He had been Grand Vizier twice, but for a very short time on each occasion. He had signalised his *rôle* by causing a newspaper editor to be flogged. He had a lovely place on the Bosphorus. On the other side of the waters were some splendid palaces, which he supposed had been simply built for the purpose of improving the view. This is the way that money is wasted in Turkey, building palaces that are never to be inhabited.

A distinguished European went to one of the Ministers, and propounded some plan eminently honourable and useful. The Minister was willing enough to promote it in case some private advantage were secured to himself, otherwise he should oppose it. It was represented to him that the plan was

one which would promote the real interests of the country. "There is only one man who cares for the real interests of the country," was the answer, "and that is myself. But it is impossible for one man to stand all alone; so I must even do as the others."

He spoke of a large American college in which various Bulgarian students had been educated. These men had given fibre to the Bulgarian people. Russia was never more astonished than when she found herself confronted with a real nation in Bulgaria.

But the most important of all my avocations, though it might not by some be thought so, was my clerical work. My experience this way has been somewhat wide and mixed. I was several times asked to preach at City churches where the congregation might have been conveniently accommodated in the pulpit. In one or two of these churches I noticed an immense lot of loaves in the vestibule; and in the vestry of at least one church there was a bottle of port and also a bottle of sherry, provided, I believe, by some pious benefactor of cheerful tastes for the refection of the minister. It was, however, never my custom to touch anything before or during

a service, even in Mr. Gladstone's modified form, for "false fire" is an abomination. In contrast to these thin attendances, I have had very crowded congregations in the west and in the east. There could hardly be a larger or more intelligent congregation than I have had at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, or, to revert to the East End, at one of the big Hackney churches. For many years past I have had the privilege of serving for some little time in one of the Haggerston churches. I really think that I prefer the East to the West End. In this particular parish I take the deepest interest, and almost regard it as my London clerical home. There is no part of its organisation—Sundays, daily services, schools, visitation of sick and poor, entertainments and expeditions in the parish—but I have been privileged to bear some share. And for patience, honesty, good sense, hearty devotion, I know no parish in the west that excels this poor East End parish of St. Paul's, Haggerston. I know Oxford House, and Toynbee Hall, and the People's Palace, but what is done is microscopic compared with the heartfelt happiness and enjoyment of the many hundred young people associated with this parish. I only wish that Mr.

Besant—for whose writings I entertain a sincere respect and admiration—instead of vilipending the arduous work of the East End clergy, would make himself practically acquainted with that work. But then I have always stayed with one of the oldest and best incumbents, whose sacred poems are known wherever the English language is spoken, and with whom I have lifelong associations, not only in the myriad-peopled East End, but in wanderings amid the wilds of Switzerland and the churches and monasteries of North Italy.

Perhaps I may say a word in deprecation of the contempt ordinarily shown by intellectual people for preaching. I know no harder kind of composition than the sermon. I have often written an extemporary article, but I have never written an extemporary sermon. I have often been so pressed for time that I have sent off my copy to the printers, and have had no opportunity of revising, and have had but a faint idea of what I had written until I saw it in print; but I have never written a sermon that has not been of my level best, the result of all the thought and study that I could give. And when I gave up the written sermon to preach "with-

out book," for a long time, until by hard practice I obtained a certain facility, this greatly increased the expenditure of time and parish work. I have frequently neglected lucrative work for these same sermons. The unfortunate thing is, that except for subjective considerations, it made no difference whether I preached sermons which cost an immensity of trouble, or whether I preached a lithographed sermon which might be bought by the dozen for half-a-guinea. This matter of preaching is only one of the many inequalities and injustices in the clerical profession. There is no other profession, which, humanly speaking, is so entirely a matter of chance and medley as the Church. Church patronage, as at present bestowed, is a reproach to the Church, and the best efforts of some of the best men seem powerless to amend things. Whether a man has been a great many years in the Church, or just out of deacon's orders; whether he is a learned man or very ignorant; whether a very capable man or comparatively incapable; whether a great saint or a great worldling, are, to a very great extent, only indirect and secondary matters with regard to promotion. With regard to myself I have no wish or right to complain. There

are far better men, far abler men, men with far stronger claims, who are altogether overlooked, and who may not have found other fields of serviceableness, as has been the case with myself. These things are not good in the history of the Church as an institution. I was once permitted by the editor of a London paper to write half-a-dozen letters, which were paid for as leaders, on the subject of Church Reform, which I signed "Catholicus," and then to found a leader on my own letters. I could never discover that my letters or leader had the slightest effect, or any letters written by any one else, and there was hardly any better fortune for the brilliant efforts of the Bishop of Peterborough. A Conservative Ministry was then in power, and any measure of Church Reform would best proceed from such. But the Government never made the least movement in that direction. Now the chances are, that if we do not have reform, we shall have ruin. I know that the Church has existed long before the State, and continues to exist when States have passed away. Old doctrines and opinions constantly pass away, doctrines in statecraft, doctrines in medicine, doctrines in physics and metaphysics, but revealed truths

remain in all their energy and power. But there is nothing supernatural to prevent Disestablishment and Disendowment. These depend on political causes and on human conduct. But if principles of justice, which are observed in human institutions, are neglected by a Church in its worldly organisation, it becomes a question for the best friends of the Church to consider whether the very highest interests of the Church itself might not need sweeping and drastic alterations.

In the London streets I always find a certain sense of mystery and burden. I realise what De Quincey has written of "Oxford Street and its stony-hearted terraces."

One hot afternoon, about four o'clock, I had a great desire for quietness and recollectedness. I saw that the doors of St. Martin's Church were opened, and I went in. I was, however, politely but firmly requested by the beadle to withdraw. The church was peremptorily to be closed at four. There is precisely the same rule at the Savoy Chapel. I accordingly turned westward, bent on carrying out my idea, but all the way to Brompton I could not find a single Anglican church that was open; so

I was very glad to turn into the Brompton Oratory, for which I have always had a kindness from the number of good Oxford men who have found a home there. I am very clear, whatever the custom of some might be, that Anglican clergymen should not attend Roman Catholic churches in this country; but I think that a departure from the rule was justifiable under the circumstances adduced. I am only sorry that in the heat and glare of the London streets there should be so few churches open, where those wearied in body and mind may find some rest.

I had certain haunts in those days, which, with certain variations, have continued the same during my many sojourns in London. Every man has his haunts and his resting-places, to which he gets accustomed, and which get accustomed to him. The library of the British Museum has always been the great focus of attraction. When actually residing in London in the season, when not doing work in that dear East End parish of which I have spoken elsewhere, I like to stay in some suburb, near one of the parks, that I may travel, so far as may be, with foliage, flowers, and turf around me. I also

firmly believe that the best of all hygienic measures is a good prolonged walk after breakfast, which most promotes the health of both body and mind. Otherwise my simple plan, for many years, was to stay as close as possible to the British Museum. I am writing these lines in the vast reading-room, writing them with a grateful heart. I have known this big room ever since it was first opened. In the old days, in the University vacations, I have often entered it on the stroke of nine, and left it on the stroke of six. The use it has been to me and to countless others has simply been incalculable. I know men to whom life would be no life at all without the reading-room. I know of others who would part with nearly all their possessions rather than lose its use. What great writers I have seen here, and how many friends I have made, and how many happy days I have spent beneath this resplendent dome! I now work much at home, or carry books with me when I travel, and I have not the links that bind so many men to it every day of their lives. But I never enter these happy portals without a feeling of enjoyment and rest. It is the nearest human approach to an earthly paradise, where so

many, many men and women pass their most useful and innocent hours. But you require something supplementary to the reading-room. The drawback to this delicious place is that you cannot carry any of its treasures away. If you did, the very heavens would fall around you. Mudie stands within a very few yards, opportunely, to supply this deficiency. I know nothing more impressive than Mudie's in the height of the season, on a summer's afternoon. Nowhere do you see more bright and intellectual faces than among the ladies who come to the great library, distinctly an advance on the faces that one meets in ordinary society. The love of letters and the enjoyment of book choosing seem to impart a look of peculiar happiness and intelligence. Mr. Mudie has kindly taken me over the whole of the establishment, and explained all the details to me. After the ordinary circulation, the best books are retained, many being bound and sold; large quantities are exported abroad, and finally a number are burned and chemicals obtained from them. A man who has a comfortable subscription at Mudie's has his evenings provided for as well as the mornings at the Museum.

But something is still required in order to produce literary happiness. The reading-room is inestimable, and Mudie's is a most pleasant institution; but you require something more. You want some vast admirable library where you can obtain all the old books on all subjects, in all languages, and carry them away with you wherever you like. Such a vacuum is fully supplied by the London Library, in St. James's Square. In the country I take out my fifteen volumes; when I am in town that number is ruthlessly reduced to ten. I am afraid that I have at times transgressed these limits. I believe that Mr. Carlyle was once or twice forty in excess of his proper number. The bright example has reproachfully been pointed out to me of a member who has punctually paid his subscription for six-and-twenty years, and has only taken out a single volume during the whole of that period. The reading-room on the drawing-room floor supplemented the other libraries by the large collection of periodicals. This room was also adorned by the presence of ladies; but, generally speaking, they were of a much severer type than the ladies who frequented Mudie's. In early days I used sometimes to sit

by the side of John Stuart Mill in the reading-room. I at first looked with awe at the man over whose "Logic" I and my generation used to work at Oxford. I learned to love the austere, but not unkindly face. Mr. Gladstone I have repeatedly met among the books. Once, in the height of a parliamentary crisis, he spent a whole morning in hunting up a line of Latin, with which he embellished his wonderful oratory in the evening. Lord Tennyson succeeded Carlyle as chairman. In fact, all the best literary men in England belonged to it, and for a quarter of a century, when engaged in serious work, I was able to obtain an abundant supply of sterling books in any part of the country, and carry them with me in my travels abroad. Other great libraries there are in London: the Guildhall, Sion College, the London Institution, Lambeth Library, South Kensington, of which I would speak with respect; but I found that the simple combination of the British Museum, the London Library, and Mudie's, was quite satisfying and sufficient. As in private duty bound, I would make grateful mention of the Bodleian, which in some points of view is more useful than any in town. There you keep yourself

from day to day, and books may gather round you without daily transference to the shelves.

In those literary days I used to see a great deal of some of the clubs of London. The Athenæum has a very fine library, though not to be compared with the London Library. There were several literary clubs that had their homes in and off the Strand. There was one of which Lord Salisbury was the landlord, and which I joined mainly because an old friend, a London editor, universally popular, belonged to it. It was a club greatly frequented by newspaper men; but as a man of regular hours I did not see much of the men. One night I went there rather late, and I heard some of the brightest and liveliest talking in the world. Every member was supposed to be the friend of every other member, and all drew up to a common table. There were some men whom I met on Friday night, when their journalistic work was over, who showed tremendous powers of talk and vitality, and who talked on till seven in the morning. The men whom I met at such clubs would comprise some of the best-known names in London literary society. When my journalistic work, such as it was, terminated, I withdrew

from these clubs. Beyond being with friends occasionally at some of the larger clubs, the two Carltons, the Reform, St. Stephen's, I have ceased to know clubland. I remember dining one night at the National Club, when Count Munster, the German Ambassador, made a speech which went far to excite a political ferment. I find that one club is very useful, and that more is unnecessary. I cannot understand why so many men should delight in belonging to so many clubs. I made a calculation for a clerical friend, who belonged to several expensive London clubs while living in the country, that practically he had to pay half-a-guinea each time he crossed the threshold of any one of them. There was an Oxford friend who persuaded me to go with him one morning to four of his clubs, each close to the other, when practically the Athenæum and Carlton, which were two of them, would have more than sufficed. I am afraid that I am not a clubable man! I have clerical friends who make their friends by hundreds in a club. But a really busy man has no time to be clubable. The clubable man must take life very easily, must have a full command of golden leisure, must have very genial ways and cosmopolitan experiences. To a man

with manifold weighty interests in life, and with two professions to follow, the social life of clubs is somewhat distasteful and almost an impossibility. In one or two clubs I have met a perfect and congenial solitude at times, and at times have met many interesting and well-known people. I find my own very useful and comfortable, especially as being placed midway in my London orbit. And wherever I may be in England or abroad, the club is always a *pied à terre* in the world's metropolis.

When the parliamentary session came to an end in that year when I used to attend the debates, I began to meditate deeply on the subject of holidays. The recess is often extra hard work to leader writers, who, when Parliament is up, have frequently to make bricks with a very moderate amount of straw. I considered that I had earned my holiday and meant to take it. This time I went down into North Wales. I made the first resting-place of my journey at Manchester. Here I was discovered at my hotel by some friends, who came down and took me off with them in their carriage to their pleasant home in one of the suburbs.

Under their kindly auspices I saw much that was

very well worth seeing in Manchester. I heard much of Bishop Fraser, who certainly made himself a great favourite among the Manchester merchants. He would come in his gig to spend a genial hour or two, and speak of his episcopal robes as his toggery and war-paint. We went out, I remember, to spend an afternoon with Archdeacon Johnson, who had just accepted the bishopric of Calcutta. He said that he would not have accepted it only there would be two suffragan bishops appointed. I said I much doubted whether I ought to congratulate any man on being appointed Metropolitan of India. He hoped, however, that I would congratulate him all the same. It was curious to think, as I sat in his study, of the wide range of the new Oriental experiences which were opening up before him. I saw him a month or two ago at a great conversazione given by the S. P. C. K. at King's College, to the synod of bishops, and he really seemed all the better for his life in India.

I stayed in that paradise of artists, Bettws-y-coed, climbing hills and, to use Wordsworth's phrase, "hunting the waterfalls." The artists take possession of every stream, and are perched on every rock; on

the high-road there were about fifteen easels set up, and carriages and cattle droves all give place to the artists. I stayed at the hotel where they have David Cox's famous picture as a signboard. When I went to the *table d'hôte* dinner I found that we had Mr. G. F. Watts, the Royal Academician, at the head of the table. He was a grave, courteous man, whose natural politeness seemed struggling with his natural taste for silence.

I sat next to a man at the dinner-table, of a sad, cadaverous appearance. We had a great deal of talk together, and as the evening wore on he told me a strange story, and appeared to find some relief in telling it. He had lately fought a duel and had killed his man. He said that the quarrel had been forced upon him, and that they had gone over to Belgium to fight it out. His opponent was one of the worst of men, but also one of the best of shots, and he knew that he had hardly a chance for his life. It so happened that he had fired just one second before his antagonist, and the ball had pierced the forehead. He said that he had saved his own life and had rid the world of a monster, and that his conscience was perfectly at peace on the subject. In spite of this,

however, he seemed the unhappiest of men. I was in hopes that he was only romancing, but there was no resisting the verisimilitude of his narrative. I had hoped and intended to see something more of him, but he went his way and I saw him no more.

I myself went on to Pen-y-gwryd, in Snowdonia. I went to the homely little inn where Charles Kingsley used to stay with his friends. Kingsley wrote a capital poem in the visitors' book of the inn (which is reprinted in the "Life"), which some dishonest brute of a Goth tore out of the book. It was a great pleasure to verify his local descriptions in "Two Years Ago." I met an enthusiastic Snowdonian, Mr. Biden, who had written a book about Snowdon, and had made the ascent about fifty times. He very kindly took charge of me in an expedition, and gave me the full benefit of his local knowledge. I went over all the ground familiar to tourists, and found plenty of material for sketches and stories; but with none of this will I here trouble my readers. Returning through central Wales, I visited a group of quaint watering-places, not at all widely known, of which Llandrindod Wells is the centre—a place which very much reminded me of Scott's St. Ronan's Well.

Then I got to the waters of the Upper Wye, an stayed with a friend famous for his hunting and fishing. I did neither, but it was very pleasant to go out with book and note-book while my friend lashed the stream in search of salmon. He had caught eight salmon a few mornings before, and a good many some days later, but none fell to his rod while I was with him. It is, however, one of the pleasantest of my reminiscences that I know the Wye so well, from its fall into the Bristol Channel below Tintern to the upper stream amid the mountains. I finished this tour by attending the Festival of the Three Choirs, that was held this year in the grand old cathedral of Gloucester. I never pass through Gloucester without attending a service in that noble cathedral, and having my meditative walk in those most beautiful of all English cloisters.

When I got back to London I found that my place as a leader writer was taken by some other man. My editor explained that he wanted a man on the spot very badly. He had only an imperfect conception of the doctrine of holidays. I was not sorry for this. The writing of leaders, at times very interesting, is susceptible of becoming a bore

and a burden. The literary life loses its charm when it is thrown into strictly limited and defined channels. You cannot work satisfactorily when a commissionaire is waiting at your club to carry off the article, which must be in print within a couple of hours after you have received your instructions to write it. You want time in which you may read and think leisurely, and produce something that may possess a greater permanence than can be found in the columns of a newspaper.

It so happened that as my press work became lighter, my own proper ecclesiastical work became much heavier. I went down for a time to take charge of a country, or rather suburban, parish during the absence, through illness, of the Vicar. The climate was delicious, with a dash of salt air in it from the sea some ten miles off. The soil was clay, which in bad weather was against it, but in summer was prodigal of roses. On the south, the long line of the downs, with their lovely curves and combes, and wooded heights, rimmed the horizon. The place was on the direct line of rail to London, although we did not get the benefit of the fast trains unless we went to some other station on the south and

north. I thought that I might be able to combine this work very harmoniously with literary work in London. This seemed possible enough; but the invalid Vicar never recovered, and for nearly seven years I was practically the Vicar, being in sole charge of a large district, except for the help of curates from time to time. The effect on one's literary work was disastrous. Of course the ecclesiastical work had in all cases to be considered first of all. Until this was fairly met there was little time for the gratification of literary tastes, or for independent study and research. Any hope of writing a book was to be abandoned for years; all political writing had to be entirely abandoned; all general reading was to be strictly limited. The difficulty, or problem, was to harmonise the literary and clerical work; to draw all one's studies, as far as might be, in a particular direction. The parish had a large population, but I do not think that a single house was left unvisited. The long walks, and the necessity for being very much in the open air, was most conducive to health of body and mind. Lord Palmerston used to say that a man ought to be four hours a day in the open air, and I aimed at this, though I could not always attain

to it. I am sure, too, that the visiting of the sick and poor did me a great deal of good. I cultivated, not without success, the habit of composing sermons and other matter during those parish walks. I greatly regretted that I had received no special training as a naturalist, which would greatly have enhanced their enjoyment. I find that, the older we grow, the more delight and tranquillising power is to be found in Nature herself. Having so little natural science, I studied men and women the more, but I am afraid without understanding them much the better.

In my literary work I had a great deal of reviewing to do in various reviews and periodicals, and these were mainly reviews of ecclesiastical publications. I went on with my favourite practical subjects of hospitals, prisons, and missions, on which I published a good deal, and have always thought that this kind of work may always be rightly associated with clerical life. I found that the constant habit of literary composition was a great help in extemporary preaching, which often requires much more pains than extemporary writing. I did also some amount of writing on learned subjects akin to my profession. When, indeed, there is a habit of extemporary

preaching, there is a great danger of falling into helpless volubility, the only cure for which is a habit of exactness, which may be attained through the practice of writing. There were peculiar difficulties in this parish, which caused much trouble and anxiety, but not more than better men have experienced, and met, I have no doubt, in a much better way. I will not, however, trouble my readers with any personal details respecting the humble obscure life of a country clergyman, or of the years that have followed in wider scenes. I am thankful any spirit of ambition has long died out of my mind. "Seekest thou great things for thyself; seek them not," is a text on which all of us may profitably meditate.

It has been said, and with a great deal of truth, that a man has no right to travel abroad unless he knows his own country pretty well. I am thankful to say that I can look at the map of England with a perfectly clear conscience. I think I know, to a very large proportion, all that is loveliest and most striking in our own country, and I am insular enough to think that there is no country in the world like it, none that so much

repays observation, and study, and even passionate affection. I have also, especially of late years, seen a great deal of foreign travel, but in these pages I have limited myself almost entirely to home scenes. I have not travelled as many of my brethren do travel in these travelling days, but still more than falls to the lot of some of us. France I have very often visited, and even know with some approach to thoroughness. Once I made a journey, to a great extent on foot, through the Pyrenees, from the Atlantic to the Riviera. I have twice visited the Riviera. I have seen a great deal of Spain. I have travelled in Holland and Denmark. Germany and Switzerland I have visited repeatedly. I have made a special study, as far as I could, of the lovely Italian lakeland, to which I have resorted again and again. In Italy, which I have visited often, I have not gone beyond Florence and Rome. Foreign travel I have always found singularly bracing and restorative, and I could easily fill another volume with my impressions and experiences abroad.

CHAPTER V.

OF SOME OF MY FRIENDS.

I suppose that few men have been more fortunate and blessed than myself with good friends, whose kindness, sympathy, forbearance, and generosity I acknowledge with a deep feeling of my own unworthiness. I have had, like other men, some hard knocks in my time, but the unspeakable kindness and goodness which I have experienced have more than made amends. I have found that there is the human friend "who sticketh closer than a brother," and better than all that there is the Divine Friend. There are various ranges of friendship and acquaintance, but of deeply intimate friends who are remembered in each other's daily thoughts no one can expect to have more than a very few, and it is a most sustaining and consoling thought that such priceless possessions have been my own. Of such close-knitted friends I ought not, and

indeed I could not, trust myself to speak during their lifetime. Concerning them I can only remind myself in Milton's words:

> A grateful mind
> By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
> Indebted and discharged.

Of such friends I make no mention. But one dearest friend I will name who has passed away "to where beyond these voices there is peace," who was one of the most original and remarkable men whom I have ever known, one of the purest and most gracious spirits that have ever adorned humanity.

This friend, a saint and poet, was Herbert Todd. His father was a partner in the great commercial house of Morrison and Todd. He was brought up in the greatest affluence, and for many years travelled about with his people on the Continent, *en grand seigneur*. It was found afterwards that his father, who had altogether given up business, had been, as the son told me, for many years confusing the ideas of capital and interest. Herbert found that instead of succeeding to a very splendid property, his would be only a narrow inheritance. "When I first heard of this," said my friend, "I could not help breaking

out into a prolonged fit of laughter; the matter seemed so absurd and incongruous." He had graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and taken holy orders. Under these altered circumstances he went out to the Bahama Islands, under the Bishop of Nassau, Dr. Venables, to whom he was warmly attached, and took the management of a school. Some notion of the generosity of his nature may be derived from the fact that when a church was blown down by a hurricane, the young priest who had lost his inheritance put down his name for a subscription of three hundred pounds. To give up to his means, and beyond, was his characteristic infirmity throughout life.

To me the charm of my friend's society was extraordinary. He had a peculiarly shy and delicate humour, the aroma of which it would be utterly impossible to reproduce on paper. He had read a great deal, and had travelled in both hemispheres, and was an incessant observer and thinker. Then he was so thoroughly good and liberal-minded. Being human, he probably had his faults; but I cannot say that I ever succeeded in discovering them. The only thing approaching a fault, which others

might regard as a virtue, was an inflexibility in holding certain opinions the contrary to my own. My friend's great intellectual distinction was that he was a thorough poet as well as one of the finest humourists I have ever met. He actually wrote and published an epic poem, "Arvan, the Story of the Sword," in twelve books. Ours is a generation that is not very tolerant of epic poems, and his fell upon an unregarding public, whose good opinion he took no pains either to propitiate or procure. At the same time, in the opinion of some of the best critics of the day, the poem was a great poem, and the poet one "who had not slackly done the work of the Muses." I believe that for a considerable part of his time he lived in an imaginary world. He found a home in the Oriental land of Amar as much as in his English home, as truly as Sir James Macintosh used to live in his imaginary empire, of which he fancied himself Grand Vizier. He and I took various walking-tours together, which I frequently recall with a sad pleasure. We went through the woods and downs of Sussex, and visited the moors of Yorkshire, and walked through a great deal of the Lake country. He generally contrived

to put half a mile between us, and then strode rapidly ahead rapt in poetic fervour. The probability was that next morning he would have a sonnet or some short poem to show me, one which he had thrown off amid larger thoughts. He was a man difficult to keep up with in every sense of the word. With characteristic modesty he told me that he was a fairly good walker. But one of the Westmoreland guides told me that he was known all over the Lake country as one of the hardiest of pedestrians. I remember one day we climbed the series of falls of Lodore on to the fells—a climb more difficult than several of the Swiss expeditions that are much talked of—and when we got back to the hotel there was a trap with two horses to take us on to Buttermere. Todd elected to walk, and actually beat the carriage, only by a few yards indeed, but still he came in first.

At Buttermere there was a storm, and we saw the little lake churned and lashed up from its very bed through the violence of the wind that swept through the mountain gorges. This has always helped me to realise the storm on the Sea of Galilee. In a morning or two, after breakfasting on the

char peculiar to this lake and Ulleswater, we made an expedition, which, after some driving, brought us to the entrance of Ennerdale, a walk of some nine miles, over country not much improved by the heavy rains, to the Black Sail Pass, and, after a big climb, to the head of Wastwater. The best part of our journey we did in the dark, and it comprised fording some streams at night, rapid, but of no great depth. As the road is only a footpath, climbing the high ground between the Screes and Scawfell, it was unfortunate that the daylight failed us. The guide-books say that one ought not to travel in the autumn without a guide; but Todd was a good guide for all the Lake country. I remember being thoroughly done up by my twelve hours' expedition, and Todd nearly had to help me into John Ritson's farmhouse. I often had to lean on his strong arm, which never failed me. This was a very heavy day, and I was much knocked up; but after a jug of John Ritson's home-brewed, I slept thirteen hours and was fully recuperated.

This John Ritson was a rememberable man. He was one of those "statesmen" who, like many yeomen in Devonshire, have possessed their holdings

from generation to generation. He had turned his farm into a kind of little inn for the convenience of tourists who came to the head of Wastwater. In summer he was sometimes so crowded that he would have to give them a shake-down of ferns and heather or hay. He had some interesting reminiscences of the Lake poets, of Professor Wilson and De Quincey. He told us that in this region of the fells it was allowable to shoot foxes—a sort of thing utterly unknown to us southerners. One day, he said, a tourist started from his homestead intent on an expedition across the fells, which Ritson considered risky.

"I know all about it," said the tourist. "I am a member of the Alpine Club, and have done some of the most difficult things in Switzerland."

"Sir," said Ritson, "a man does not require to go to Switzerland to break his neck."

"And that very night," quoth Ritson to me, "he was brought back on a ladder with his neck broken."

In one of our expeditions we went to Keighley, the home of the Brontës, and dined at the Vicarage. The page of the marriage register in which Charlotte Brontë so signed her name for the last time, seemed likely soon to drop to pieces from frequent handling.

The Americans came in shoals. They were too many to be treated with separate attention; so it was thought best to let them come and go into the house at their own pleasure, and go away when they were tired of staring about them. There was much that showed us the unsatisfactory nature of part of Mrs. Gaskell's life. That worthy lady went to the little inn at Keighley, and sat in the parlour to be interviewed and collect items of information. It became an amusement to some people to go and talk to her, and she was not very critical in sifting their information. The account of Patrick Brontë is a baseless legend, and what we heard of Patrick was very much to his discredit. Neither did the marriage of the authoress with her father's curate quite have the happy satisfactory character which is ascribed to it. About old Brontë himself there was a strain of eccentricity. It was his great delight to stand upon his doorstep and riddle the church tower with shot or bullets. That which enabled me most to realise Charlotte Brontë's life was the aspect of the vast, silent, poetic moors, which have occasioned some of the finest passages in her writings, and did so much both to soothe and exalt her spirit. Todd and I

greatly enjoyed the woods and waters, and the ruined abbeys of the Yorkshire vales; but the pleasures of the moors, in Devon, Yorkshire, and Scotland, I find absolutely unique.

Other rambles I had with Todd in Yorkshire, notably to Goodall and to Malham Cove, near which his cousin, Mr. Morrison, had a seat by the "Strid" and Barden Tower, and amid the exquisite scenery of Bolton Abbey. Something, too, we did in the lanes and pastures of Devonshire. More also when I stayed with him at Kildwick, where we were once more in the vicinity of the glorious moors. He had gone to Carleton to assist a kinsman, who was suffering from an affection of the throat—a very distinguished Oxford scholar. It was a great pleasure to stay with Morris, of Carleton, and to listen to the long roll of the Greek hexameters which he would sometimes quote in illustration of his subjects. Morris and Morrison were my friend's great friends in Yorkshire. Morris was a kinsman of Todd, and being an invalid, Todd, with characteristic kindness, which was the law of his nature, went down to help him. I was invited down to Carleton on an unusual and interesting occasion, namely, to preach

on behalf of a library. In my judgment a library is very well worth preaching for, and I only wish we were oftener called upon to do so. This is the only chance I ever had of preaching the cause of literature in the pulpit, and of course I did not fail to connect with it the highest of all literature. Morrison held a Christ Church living, and I suppose that it was through his influence that Todd obtained the Christ Church living of Kildwick. I was peculiarly glad of this. A relative had offered to purchase a living for Todd, but he had scruples about accepting any living that came to him that way, and absolutely refused; and, common as the practice is, I hold that there is something simoniacal about it.

I have said that my friend was of a thoroughly poetic and even visionary nature, which makes his only too brief career at Kildwick the more remarkable. Nothing could be more earnest and practical than his life in his far Yorkshire parish. He reminded me of the life which George Herbert led at Bemerton, after he had cast off his courtly garments and assumed the parish priest. There was, indeed, a wonderful similarity between George Herbert and Herbert Todd. There was a special point of interest that arose in

his parish, which is, indeed, a point of frequent recurrence. He, a man of distinctly High Church principles, had as his predecessor a worthy man of distinctly Low Church principles. Very often this is a combination of circumstances attended with deplorable results. Every clergyman has known repeated instances in his experience where this has been the case. But such was the tact and patience and wisdom of the Vicar, that there was very little perceptible strain, and, greatest point of all in a country parish, everything went on in peace and harmony. His life there was of surpassing beauty; a poem more complete than any poem which he wrote. His time, purse, service, countenance, were for each man. Trouble, travel, fatigue, sacrifice, were the rule of his life. As husband, father, friend, he was most admirable. Nothing interfered with the sweetness of his temper, the playfulness of his wit, the serenity of his piety. We believe that he was called hence, because God had higher work to do for him in His worlds. To those who knew him his memory will be always fragrant. He was the kind of man who might have inspired a "Lycidas" or "In Memoriam."

There was one other point about my friend so curious and characteristic that it is worth noting. He had, sometimes, fits of depression, which even those who knew him best could not fully account for. The reason of them was this. Whenever he read in the newspapers of any instances of cruelty, injustice, and oppression, his vivid imagination enabled him to realise the facts intensely, and the hopeless inability of coping with the heap of misery was overwhelming. It was not sentimentalism, for no one was readier than himself to alleviate any unhappiness that came in his way. I never hesitated to go to him in any trouble that was mine, and his sympathy never failed. I remember once in his church, preaching on the text, "He went his way, and the angels of God met him," the thought occurred to me that he himself was to me and others as an angel divinely sent. That sturdy, homely countenance was to me as the face of an angel. For myself, hardly ever a day passes but he has his place in my recollections and prayers.

Among men of a very different type, I had another remarkable friend, as I reckoned him in the old days, and whom I chiefly mention here on account

of the great celebrity at which he has arrived. This was John Morley, a scholar at Lincoln College when I first knew him. Our paths in life have been very divergent, our views in religion and politics utterly different; thus any intimacy quite died away, though we each recognise the existence of a friendly feeling, and remember the time when we stayed at each other's abode. Morley was very young when he came up to Lincoln from Cheltenham College, and we used to wonder whether such cleverness could really last. He has disappointed some hopes, for at one time there appeared a probability of his taking holy orders; but in other directions he has fulfilled and far exceeded the warmest expectations of his friends.

I was very much interested in watching the gradual rise of my old friend. He took an honest pride in it himself. I rather think that John Bright was concerned with the defunct *Star* which he edited. He described Bright as an immense force moving within a narrow channel. He threw himself vigorously into a movement which deserves a larger success than it has hitherto obtained—for promoting the larger political privileges of the ladies. "I confess I felt

a little elated to-day when I walked arm-in-arm down Whitehall with a Cabinet Minister," he once said to me. He little thought at that time that he would become a Cabinet Minister himself. Next to Disraeli, he is "the gentleman of the press" who has made the largest figure in political life. He took small honour and small blame to himself, but one noticed the earnestness and vitality with which he threw himself into subjects of moral and intellectual interest. He always had a look of honesty and intrepidity, and a peculiar subacid flavour of humour which was very amusing. For theology he candidly avowed that he had no taste, and was rather surprised that a friend's experience could be so very different. I believe that the great reason why he did not take holy orders was that he graduated so early that he would have some years to wait before he could do so, and in those years he drifted entirely into literature. At Oxford he was often to be seen with a volume of Mill in his hand; he must have known Mill "On Liberty" almost by heart. It is pleasant to think that he afterwards became very intimate with the great writer whom he so passionately admired.

At that time Mill's "Logic" was popularly called the Oxonian's Bible, and was studied by all who did high reading or aimed at high honours. I imagine that its influence is now very much less.

He spent a good deal of time at the Union, an institution that has its uses, but is extremely detrimental to men who contemplate doing well in the schools. From time to time Morley spoke there, but not with any conspicuous success. His matter was always good, but he was inornate and ineloquent. He has greatly improved his oratory since he entered the House of Commons. When I was a candidate for one of the offices of the Union—the Honorary Librarianship—Morley gave me strenuous support, but I was very properly defeated by the present head of St. Edmund's Hall.

There was a cluster of remarkable men at Lincoln, among whom was Pattison, the tutor, who was preaching a very queer sort of sermons to the men. He married Miss Strong, the present Lady Dilke, whose father was an Oxford banker, and who told me, with much cheerfulness, that he had never lost a halfpenny by his business. J. C. Morrison was then at Lincoln. Morrison had somewhat a unique

position there. When he came up as an undergraduate, he was the senior undergraduate on the list. He was a wealthy man; the proprietor of Morrison's Pills. He kept his horse. He had travelled a great deal on the Continent. He was known to be occupied on a big book. Knowledge was his *forte* and omniscience his foible. When he came up he was questioned by the college tutor respecting his attainments. As I have heard, the dialogue ran thus:

"What classics do you know?"

"Oh, I know the classics, generally speaking."

"What have you read?"

"Oh, I have read them all, speaking generally."

"And what mathematics do you know?" continued the highly gratified tutor.

"Oh, I have read them through, generally speaking."

The tutor was rather astounded.

"Suppose, Mr. Morrison, you sit down and write out the fifth proposition of Euclid's first book?"

"Oh, I say," exclaimed Morrison, "I call that rather coming down upon a man!"

The book on which he was engaged was a "Life of St. Bernard," a work of much learning and in-

dustry. He had some difficulty in getting it published, although he offered a great publisher to write a cheque for any sum he chose to ask. The publisher refused, hardly realising how able the book was.

Of John Morley I saw much in the early years after taking our degrees. He early lost his father, a surgeon at Blackburn, and threw himself on the London world of letters, and had a long and manful fight "for his own hand." In this I was so fortunate as to be able to be of some little service to him in those early days. A man named Christmas, a clergyman, had projected a work on the Archbishops of Canterbury, and, being much occupied with a variety of projects, he had arranged with me to write some portions, which were afterwards to receive his revision. I tired at the work, and handed it over to Morley, who did something at it; but eventually, by some arrangement between Mr. Christmas and the publishers, the undertaking came into the hands of Dean Hook, who made a life-work of it. Whether he used the materials we had furnished I have never had the curiosity to examine. The editorship of a declining literary journal came into my way, and

Morley came on our staff. When I gave up this editorship he succeeded me as editor, and, I remember, sent me for review a volume of sermons under the comprehensive title of "Sin," requesting me to be brief, "as the subject was too painful." After him the journal changed its title to *The Parthenon*, and was conducted by Mr. Goodwin, one of the writers of "Essays and Reviews," a brother of the Bishop of Carlisle. As I had taken up a position strongly adverse to that work—indeed wrote the first review of the work that appeared—my connection with it came to an end. Morley and I at this time combined some tutorial work with literature. He took a mastership at a well-known school at Charlton, in Kent, with the late Mr. Pritchett, who became Vicar, and, oddly enough, a pupil which he had at Paris subsequently became a pupil of my own. It was during his residence in Paris that he chiefly acquired his remarkable insight into French literature. Subsequently he formed a connection with one of the best London papers, in which for years he exhibited a remarkable industry and fertility. When he became the editor of one of the London daily morning papers, I wrote a few leaders for him; but I was entirely

out of sympathy with his periodicals, and the literary connection languished and died.

There was a great deal that was very interesting and, indeed, instructive about Morley's career. The way in which he met the difficulties and vicissitudes of his early years, with unfailing energy and courage, was almost beyond praise. His mode of working showed a thoroughness and care not often found among the free lances of the press. To take some great author, to read and reread every particle of his writings, to compose and analyse, to master the whole history and literature connected with that author, to make himself an authority on the whole subject-matter, was his most successful *modus operandi*. He is an example for all men of letters. He limited his popularity and use by his thorough-going hostility to Christianity. Even Voltaire never meant by his phrase, *écrasez l'infâme*, the reference to Christianity which Mr. Morley imports to it, and his way of writing *god* was appropriately met by some critics who reviewed him as "john morley." Of late years this has been less apparent, and I am glad to see that in the House of Commons he lately called himself a Catholic.

Morrison took things much more easily. He thoroughly enjoyed the sunny side of life. He rather took literature on its social side. He had written a successful book, and he was credited with the power and the intention of writing a still better one. He was very frank about the periodicals to which he contributed, and to which he was hardly more than an occasional contributor. He liked to know great people, and I believe knew a great many. He particularly interested me by his accounts of interviews with Carlyle and with Cardinal Newman; but I thought that very aged men of such eminence might be exempted from such interviews. I should certainly have liked to have known Newman. When a Birmingham lady, an old family friend of the Cardinal's, offered to introduce me, I contented myself by saying that whenever he was going to spend an evening at her house, if she telegraphed, I would come down at once. Unfortunately the lady's husband died, and thus the plan was frustrated. Morrison's hostility to religion greatly increased. He called himself an agnostic, which does not sound half so grand under its fair equivalent of *ignoramus*. He advanced very far beyond the negative side of

Positivism, and it is most regretable that his last literary labours were devoted to a thorough-going attack upon Christianity in his notorious "Service of Man." I am sorry to say that some time before this our friendship had come to a somewhat violent end. At one time I knew him well enough to stay at his house; but I received a strong impression, probably incorrectly, that he had not treated generously a mutual friend of ours, so the last time he invited me I told him very frankly that I had rather not receive any invitations from him. *Requiescat in pace.* In the case of such a man I suppose there was a colour-blindness in regard to religion, and I trust that he and others were at least faithful to the measure of light which they had.

I had the good fortune to be acquainted with three brothers of the honoured name of Mozley. I have always put down the eldest of these brothers as incomparably the greatest man intellectually that I have ever known. The youngest brother had either preceded or followed me in two London churches with which I had been connected. He kindly introduced me to the C. C. C., a famous clerical club in London. Once a month the club held a debate in the house of

one of the members, who afterwards entertained them and other friends at supper. As each member, the number being limited I think to forty, had only the opportunity of entertaining once in four years, the entertainment was extremely good, and the guests seemed chosen with much care. He took me to the meeting of Mr. Rogers, of Bishopsgate, who has recently published his reminiscences, and who entertained us most hospitably. We had a very lively debate, and I remember that that night I renewed my acquaintance with Mr. J. R. Green, of Jesus College, who has become widely known by his "History of the English People," and other historical writings of great value. Green died at Mentone, after residing there several winters, and on his grave in the Mentone cemetery there is the striking inscription, "he died learning." He rather scandalised some of the brethren by saying that he looked upon the prophecies of Israel in much the same way as upon the prophecies of Merlin. He had a countenance of singular charm, beautiful eyes, and a beaming look. Singularly enough, his first curacy had been in connection with the Pastoral Aid Society; next he was drafted off to one of those East London livings which Dr. Tait would

give to his clever young men, not perhaps very much to the advantage of the East Enders, and he was afterwards transferred to the Librarianship of Lambeth, than which a more appropriate appointment could not have been made. Mr. Mozley kindly entertained me at the curious old foundation of Emmanuel Hospital. He afterwards succeeded Dr. Wilkinson, the Bishop of Truro, at the church which the late Lord Derby built in Windmill Street as a counterpoise for the Argyle Rooms next door. I took some charge of his parish during Mr. Wilkinson's absence for his holiday one year.

James Bowling Mozley, the eldest brother, was a neighbour of mine in Sussex. He held the Magdalen living of Old Shoreham, a quiet little country place by a broad tidal water, distinct from New Shoreham, a busy little town on the coast. He told me that when he first came to the parish he had thrown up a literary engagement, which gave him four or five hundred a year, in order to ascertain what claims his villagers would have upon his time. He was a model parson, and told me that he had to write for his villagers in a way that was quite different to all his other writings. He was a High Churchman; but

he differed from his party in his baptismal views, which he vindicated in one of his most learned and thoughtful works. He had written largely in *The Christian Remembrancer*, of which Woodward, an old friend of mine, for many years the English chaplain at Rome, was editor. Woodward lived too long at Rome. I warned him that the Roman climate was saturating his constitution with evil influences, and that he had better go away. He wished me to take his place, but that was impracticable at the time, and I advised him to find some one else and to leave Rome. As this could not be arranged he went back, despite all warnings, and died a few months later. This was one of several ties between myself and Canon Mozley. He wrote at times for *The Quarterly Review*, but he complained—a very usual complaint with reviewers — that the articles were kept very long before they were printed. He read to me some passages from his article on "The Argument from Design," which I have always considered the most convincing that has ever appeared on the subject. As this time he held a canonry at Worcester, which he found a most serious break on the continuity of his studies. He told me that it was a great mistake to suppose that a canonry

was any haven of rest to a scholar. He had to mix in county society and to take his part in all the provincial movements that were going on. The only place, he said, emphatically, on which a man could rely for doing any solid work was a country living. His own country living was secluded, with a ready access to the world. From its broad terraces he saw the Channel, and behind was the rich Sussex landscape. Here he worked away to his heart's content; but, however busy with his books, willing to give me an entire day whenever I might come over to spend it with him. I asked him whether he was an early riser, in order to overtake his studies. He said that he began his work after breakfast and went on till lunch, and later in the day he and his books and papers generally overflowed into the drawing-room. What I was much impressed by was the prevailing tone of sadness with which he seemed to regard human life. He said that he believed that in the deliberate judgment of most men, if a choice had been given, they would have preferred never to have been born. I am afraid, for my own part, to think how many of our best men would use the same language. I asked him how he managed to thank

God for his creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life, of which, by the way, he had a very large number. He explained that his remark was made apart from any considerations relating to the Christian hope.

Mr. Mozley had always been an Oxford supporter of Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Gladstone has always had the merit of rewarding his ecclesiastical supporters. When in town he used to go to Mr. Gladstone's breakfasts, where various of my friends have pleasantly found themselves. The Prime Minister had awoke to the remarkable merits of Mr. Mozley's University sermons. It was said, and said truly, that there had been no such writing since the time of Bishop Butler. Dr. Mozley had read aloud some portions of his sermons to me. As he did so, his colour rose, his voice trembled, and tears came into his eyes. When he preached those sermons there was an utter absence of any such emotion. Cold, passionless, monotonous, he seemed hardly to feel the fine things that he was saying. Some of his friends professed to be extremely pleased to hear that he was capable of such emotion. His manner was caused not by any lack of feeling, but by its excess.

He thought to protect himself by an unimpeachable armour of reserve. One Sunday morning there came to Old Shoreham Vicarage a letter bearing in the corner of the envelope the signature W. E. Gladstone, and marked *Most Private.*

"Now," said Mrs. Mozley, "here is the offer of something good at last."

Mr. Gladstone had just given the Deanery of Canterbury, in succession to Alford, to Dr. Payne Smith, and his letter was the offer of the Regius Professorship of Divinity and Canonry of Christ Church, thus vacated, to James Mozley. I remember his talking over his prospects with me. He asked if my more recent experience of Oxford could give him any hints. I told him that it had always seemed to me that there was too broad a line drawn at the Universities between dons and undergraduates, and that if professors and tutors sought the acquaintance of the men they would prove in several ways of greater use to them. I instanced the example of Dean Stanley, who systematically invited his students to breakfast by relays, which greatly increased his popularity. I believe the Professor condescended to take this small hint, but he struck out a far better

path for himself by the happy innovation of giving lectures to graduates.

Mrs. Mozley had made quite a little farm at Old Shoreham, which was a source of great enjoyment to her. She was greatly interested in her garden, her poultry, and her cattle, and was extremely indisposed to leave her old home, if she could manage to keep it. The idea was that they should give up Ewelme, the living attached to the Regius Professorship, and keep Old Shoreham. Mr. Gladstone was quite disposed to meet her views, more especially, it may be supposed, as it gave him an extra piece of patronage. Dr. Mozley would be glad of the change, more especially as the population of Ewelme was much larger than that of Shoreham. A short bill was passed through Parliament, legalising the alteration, his own college at Magdalen not making any objection; not, I expect, from any willingness to lose patronage, but from their great regard for the Regius Professor. The lady would have every reason to feel gratified for an Act of Parliament being carried especially on her account. She had the additional honour of having almost precipitated a Ministerial crisis, for the temporary appointment

of Sir Robert Collier to one of the Westminster judgeships, in order to qualify him for higher promotion, happened about the same time, and the cry of jobbery was loudly raised by the Opposition.

Dr. Mozley was an extremely good man of business, if he chose. I remember meeting a lawyer who managed the Magdalen estates in Sussex, and who was greatly impressed by his sense and shrewdness; but like other men of his stamp, he preferred the speculative life to the practical life. But there was no practical duty, no power of practical kindness in which he ever failed. When he first went up to Christ Church as Canon, he had the house which Jacobson, who became Bishop of Chester, used to have. I knew the house well. Jacobson had been very kind to me in the old days. He had invited me to his house, and had very kindly placed his library at my disposal. I remember spending a very bright and cheerful time with Mozley. When I next saw him, he had removed his house to the east side of the quadrangle, and had experienced the great misfortune of his days in the loss of his admirable wife.

Mr. Mozley says of his brother James, that he

was a "submissive" kind of man. He certainly had the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. He habitually wore an expression of patience and considerateness. He spoke great things in praise of what most people would consider monotony and routine. To him was no joy like that of one day passing exactly like another. He thought there was an infinite charm and repose in such a kind of life—a charm which, in this unrestful age, we are somewhat slow to appreciate. The curious thing was that I could never get the two illustrious brothers to discuss one another's writings. I somehow took up the impression that each was only imperfectly acquainted with the writings of the other; but perhaps this was a mistake.

It was not till after his death that I made the acquaintance of his brother, who, in the old days, was the greatest lance of *The Times* after the death of Captain Stirling. I suppose he must have written at least ten thousand leaders. It is, however, a wise tradition of *The Times* men that they never say anything about *The Times*. They write as much like each other as they possibly can, and sink their identity in that of the great institution to which they

belong. Mr. Mozley has, partly unconsciously, told us a great deal about himself in his "Oriel Reminiscences," and in his account of the churches and schools of his different parishes. Lately, too, we have heard something more about him in Mr. Tom Hughes' book about Bishop Fraser. I trust he will not blame me if I speak of him in rather the same way that he speaks of other people. In the first place I would thank him much for that kindness, sympathy, and hospitality which are his very nature. Those are numberless who have directly or indirectly been charmed and influenced by his writings. I myself know more of the charm and influence of his character.

When I knew him he was living in the charming town of Cheltenham, whither he had come to anchor after the various experiences which he has detailed in his autobiographical writings. I think what pleased him was that I was able to give him a little information about Hartley Coleridge, which he utilised in his Oriel work. At our first interview, in his hearty way, he said: "If I let you go you will vanish into space," and fixed me at once to dine with him. It was an additional pleasure to find in him a brother-in-

law of Cardinal Newman's. I was concerned to find that his impaired vision limited his powers of reading and writing; but perhaps this was all the better for his friends, to whom, in the most genial and unaffected way, he imparted his stores of knowledge and observation. Some of his narratives I have since recognised in his books. There are other narratives which reading people would only be too glad to see in print. He was, for instance, in Rome during the whole time of the sittings of the Œcumenical Council, and his whole knowledge of that wonderful episode was both extensive and minute. We compared impressions about the Riviera, and I suggested that "Rome and the Riviera" would be a very good title for a third personal work. He knew very much more about the Riviera than I did. He very much interested me in pointing out a passage in a classical author whose meaning had quite escaped the commentators, which indicated the rugged Cornich road.

I was particularly interested in what he said to me about Cholderton. Now Cholderton is a spot about which I happen to know a good deal indirectly concerning its vicars and squires. Mr. Mozley has rendered the place memorable. It was a great

wonder to the villagers to see the expresses going up to the Vicarage, coach and four, waiting till the Vicar returned his leader for *The Times*. In the recent "Life of Bishop Fraser" there is abundant mention of the squire, Mr. Paxton, and though I did not know Mr. Paxton personally, I knew some of his people. It is a name which I never meet without feelings of respect and gratitude. Mr. Hughes has not dealt quite justly with Squire Paxton. They became very good friends at last. When Bishop Fraser left the parish, he made the curious entry in the church books that he left it in perfect peace with every one, and when Bishop Fraser married, the squire kindly presented him with a hundred guineas. This side of the case ought to have been stated.

I spoke of Burgon's capital story, in *The Quarterly Review*, of the simple-minded bursar of Oriel, who, not being a business man, was sure that he would ruin either himself or the college by his administration of the funds. At the end of the year he was thrown into great consternation by finding that the debtor side against him was nearly two thousand pounds. A friend, however, cleared up the difficulty

by pointing out that he had added the year of grace —say 1850—among the pounds. Mr. Mozley said that it was a capital story; but having been bursar of Oriel himself, he was in a position to say that such a circumstance could not possibly have happened. I was able to give the historiographer of Oriel some help, bringing down events to date. I was able to tell him how great a scholar and how kindly a man was the new Provost, the first layman that had ruled Oriel in its history. I had been his contemporary both at Glasgow and Oxford. I remember when he had taken his degree, I found him rather seedy one morning, and found that he had spent a great deal of the night in turning a chapter of Isaiah into a Greek chorus.

My first acquaintance with Dean Stanley was when I attended his lectures as Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford. Attendance at his lectures was not compulsory; men, nevertheless, intending to take holy orders, were obliged to attend the Regius' Professor of Divinity, and also some second course. Stanley had an unusually large class, especially in his first year. He gave his set formal lectures, when many ladies would come to hear him;

but he rightly considered that ecclesiastical history began with the Bible narratives, and his plan was to have a kind of conversational catechetical class, in which some of us showed a really remarkable ignorance of the text. If a man missed a lecture—which might imperil his certificate—the Professor invited him to write a little essay on a Psalm. He was extremely fond of the Psalms of David, which he worked up so well in his "Jewish Church," an expansion of his teaching. Once I pointed out to him Cowley's forgotten poem, "The Davideis," and he seemed extremely interested by the reference. He was an extremely hospitable man. He several times invited me to breakfast, as likewise he did all other members of his class. He was naturally very fond of the society of young people. In his afternoon walks he might pick up some young fellows and bring them home to dinner to his bachelor table. When I had missed a term, one of them said to me: "It is a pity you were not in residence. Stanley had Jenny Lind staying with him, and gave such nice musical parties."

He lived in a house at the corner of Peckwater which faces the entrance to Tom Quad. The under-

graduates, in wintry weather, have occasionally amused themselves by building up that entrance with snow; an exercise which must have been good for their health, and much less harmful than their experiments in fire in the front of the library. The house had formerly been the residence of Dr. Bull, a typical Englishman, whose name harmonised with his character; and now of Professor Bright. His breakfasts were plain and frugal, terribly rebuking the sumptuousness in breakfasts then in vogue in "the House" and in the University. Whether they "went off well" altogether depended on his guests' and on his own mood. He was a slight man, with a big head, all brain; his nature, singularly sweet and courteous, seemed to have run into brain. He had not the slightest notion of taste and flavour; he did not know a good picture from a bad one. He told me that he could hardly distinguish one note of music from another. He liked Jenny Lind for everything except her singing, for which he did not care. He was subject to violent fits of headache, and when these were on, he was unavoidably depressed. He told me that Sydney Smith, in spite of all his high spirits, had sometimes deep fits of

depression. Sometimes there was even a touch of bitterness about him, a curl of the lip that said much. He was a man especially who was bigoted against bigotry, intolerant against intolerance.

I remember one day at breakfast having a discussion with a man on the subject of the use of pictures in the Greek Church. Stanley mentioned one or two instances of churches where floor, walls, and roof were all covered with pictures. My friend was somewhat Puritanic, and highly objected to pictures. I argued that poor people who could not read would get an immense amount of instruction out of them. Dr. Stanley, not without a touch of scorn, came over at once to my side of the question.

This reminds me of an absurd anecdote which I heard from a man respecting a country church in Russia. He had gone in one day to observe the ritual and listen to the Slavonic music. An Englishman going to that remote country church was an unparalleled incident. At a certain time a man came by with a vessel of holy water which he sprinkled on the right hand and on the left, repeating words which he pronounced in a language evidently unknown to the people, and which they received with

the deepest reverence. The traveller waited till the holy man came by with the holy water, and what was his astonishment when he heard a broad Scotch voice exclaiming at every sprinkling, in a sardonic accent: "Much good may it do you. It will do no harm." When the people came out of church, the tourist tackled the Scotchman and asked him the meaning of his extraordinary performance. The Scotchman explained that he had been settled respectably in the town for many years, and they had offered him the office of sacristan, which he thought it very well worth his while to accept; but being at a difficulty about reconciling the Greek ritual with sound Presbyterianism, he had invented this particular mode of blessing.

Stanley talked about his experiences at Canterbury, and expressed his opinion that it was the finest church in England. I think he modified the opinion when he afterwards came to Westminster. At the Abbey he had a still wider circle of hospitality and acquaintance; the last grew so extensive that he became rather bewildered about the names. He worked hard, sitting in the exquisite library of the Deanery, among his books and papers, and always

ready to suspend his work to welcome a visitor. I remember meeting him at a London house one Sunday. He shook hands very warmly with me; then he gently drew me under a chandelier, gazed intently at me, shook me by the hand again, and retreated. He had not said a word, evidently having remembered the face but forgotten the name. One morning I met him at my favourite haunt, in those days, of the London Library, St. James's Square. I was trying to hunt up something about the Greek colonies. Those wonderful Greeks have colonised the shores of every sea they know, and yet no scholar has written us a book on this subject of the Greek colonies. He had the impression that there had been such a book written, and ran through a long list of authors who had written on Greek history; but none of them had ever produced a monograph on the special subject. The Dean came to the conclusion that the niche was still unoccupied, and that it would be worth a scholar's while to seek to occupy it.

His marriage made the Dean much more practical, and made the Deanery one of the greatest centres of London society. The revisers met in the Jerusalem Chamber, and the Dean watched the proceedings with

the greatest interest. The Dean himself was one of the revisers; but his days of hard literary work were almost over. The Bishop of Gloucester was chairman, and, I believe, Dr. Scrivener was a kind of editor. The Dean was generally liberated from his labours by little social notes that called him away. His social duties included the greatest care and kindness for the good of the working men who came to the Abbey. He found parish duties to discharge at Westminster Hospital. The wife of a deceased physician, greatly interested in hospital missions, was once passing a night in this hospital. The Dean entered one of the wards, and she observed him going about among the patients till nearly one in the morning. A very touching incident came to my knowledge. A workman and his wife came to the spot where Lady Augusta was buried. The Dean himself happened to be passing at the moment, and was unrecognised. The workman began to speak to his wife of Lady Augusta, and told, so far as he knew it, the story of her beautiful life. The Dean drew near to listen, and drank in every word with breathless interest.

I only had a few letters from him. I was always

glad to get them, because they showed me that there was at least one handwriting worse than my own. They were almost entirely on Biblical subjects, and, singularly enough, the Dean admitted that he made an error in a plain matter in the Gospels. Once he quotes Sterne's saying, "Heaven tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," apparently under the idea that it is a text of Scripture. Many young men wrote to him about their difficulties, and they hardly had the same kind of advice which they would receive from Canon King or Canon Liddon. A friend of mine wrote to him on the subject of becoming a clergyman. The Dean made an appointment with him to come to the Deanery at two o'clock one afternoon to discuss the subject with him. My friend came from Oxford on purpose. They went very carefully into the *pros* and *cons*, and the Dean summed up the matter thus: "If, on the whole, your reasons for entering the ministry preponderate over your reasons for not entering the ministry, I should look upon that as a clear call for your doing so." He took those things rather easily. "Yes," he said, "my dear —— has gone over to the Church of Rome, and I hope the change will be blessed to her."

He liked everything in the University life, except boating and athletics, for which I never heard of his expressing any sympathy. When he was with the Prince of Wales at Damascus, they found themselves on the flat roof of a dwelling where the two sides of the street very nearly touched. The Prince readily leaped the brief interval, which Stanley again and again essayed to do, but could not summon the courage. His last fatal illness was incurred—there is every reason to believe—at a workmen's garden-party, in consequence of the escape of some noxious gases.

Then there was Dean Burgon. He had a strong, mixed character of his own, and his friends liked him equally for its strength, and for what some of them might consider its weakness. He has passed away while I have been finishing my book, regretted and beloved as few have been. There has been a tendency perhaps to overlook his solid and enduring work. The good which he did among Oxford men, in his Oriel days, is incalculable, and made an intense impression which nothing can wear away. There have been few men who have had such a large gift of personal usefulness; to those who did not know him well,

much of the charm was lost through his strong political and whimsical exaggerations. He wrote very much, and his writings, though unequal, always showed a mind full of knowledge and a knowledge full of mind. His posthumous work, "The Twelve Good Men," is practically an autobiography, which may be traced throughout his recollections of his friends; and his articles in *The Quarterly Review* on the Revised Version, though they rather overshot the mark, did effective work in preventing the acceptance of a work which, with all its merits, has constantly and needlessly departed from the grand old English of the Received Version.

I used to contemplate his handwriting with great satisfaction, for I considered that it also was several degrees worse than my own. He sent me some of his MS., but, in addition to the bad writing, it was written so hurriedly, that I could make very little use of it. It was on some Alpine travels, a subject on which I know well that it is very hard to write anything new; but literary people are very unwilling to sacrifice anything they have written. He wrote to me to ask me to take charge of a parish in which he had been deeply interested for many years. I expect it

was Houghton Conquest, but this was not to be done at the time.

The Dean had an immense amount of patristic knowledge, which he turned to great account in his strictures in *The Quarterly Review* on the revision of the New Testament. But, as Lord Melbourne said of Macaulay, he made so "cock-sure of everything." I wrote once to ask him if he could give me a reference to a fine saying attributed to Tertullian, "Mens naturaliter Christiana." I looked in vain for it through Tertullian, and so wrote to the learned Dean, who was occasionally my correspondent. He wrote to say that there was no such sentence in Tertullian, and, beyond that, adopting the higher criticism, he said that the mind and character of Tertullian were of that cast that he could not possibly have written such a sentence. Having mentioned this in print, I had letters from three distinguished scholars, giving me the exact reference in the great Latin father. I ought to say that I had myself made a mistake in using the word *mens* instead of *anima*, which was what Tertullian wrote.

Burgon was a difficult man to make out, because some of his characteristics were most conflicting.

This irritable combative man had all a woman's tenderness and generous impulses. While uttering ferocious sentiments towards his opponents, he would be caressing or feeding the birds that flocked to his windows. No one could show a more self-denying and magnanimous generosity. I may be permitted to give the following brief narrative respecting him. A friend of mine had been up to Oriel to stand for a scholarship, which he failed to obtain. On his return from his bootless errand, he was introduced to Burgon at the Oxford railway station, who proposed that they should travel up to town together. The first thing he did was to produce a lump of cake, of which he invited my friend to partake, and also had some himself. He then had a talk with his young fellow-traveller, who told him that as he had failed to win the scholarship he must give up all thought of Oxford. Burgon heard his little history with the utmost sympathy and attention, and gave him to understand that he would see what could be done for him. Some time later he received a letter from Burgon, telling him that he was to come up to Oxford to matriculate at a certain college, and that he must dismiss every money

anxiety, as Burgon would make himself responsible for the whole of his expenses until he took his degree at the University. The promise was fulfilled to the letter. For four years the young Oxonian had not a care in the world for which Burgon did not provide, and the Dean was more than satisfied with the career of his *protégé*.

One weekday morning Burgon went to the daily prayers at the church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. The officiating clergyman abbreviated the service by the omission of the Litany. Burgon did not at all approve of such abbreviation. He accordingly stayed in the church with a view to going through that part of the service by himself. In the meantime the verger, not perceiving that there was any one in the church, had locked the doors and gone away. This was very awkward, more especially as he had friends at the Vicarage close by, who were waiting breakfast for him. He used to describe in a most graphic way the frantic efforts which he made to get out of the church. He broke a pane of glass and waved his hand to the passers-by. They ran away from the sight and sound of him, thinking there was a maniac in the church. At length one of them, with

a little sense, went to the Vicarage, and said there was a man locked up in the church, and he was then restored to his friends with much joy on all sides.

In one of my many visits to Paris, I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of M. Bersier, who to my mind is the most brilliant and thoughtful of contemporary French writers. I was introduced to him by an old American friend, who knew both of us very well. He is the Pastor of the Reformed Protestant Church, and has his church in the Avenue de la Grande Armée, near which he lives. He is a bright, healthy-looking man, between fifty and sixty, and might easily, especially from his dress, be mistaken for a layman. From what he said, I saw that it was quite a regular thing for our leading English lights to seek his acquaintance. Stanley and Tait had been among his friends and correspondents. When Stanley last called on him, he had been making a journey in the Cevennes, in order to realise the story of the *dragonnades*. He left his gloves behind him, and being a man attached to his personal belongings, he wrote for them from the Deanery. He spoke of the condition and prospects of religion in France, both in the Reformed and

the Roman Church. That Unitarianism that had once been associated with the Oratory had almost entirely disappeared. He knew M. Loyson (Père Hyacinthe) very well, but could hardly make out his position. He had abandoned one set of doctrines without definitely adopting others. He thought there would be stirring times in France within the next twenty years. Comte and Littré were gone, and there were no successors to take their place. But the spirit of the times was anti-clerical, and the anti-clerical party was against all religion. Whatever religion there was in France now, chiefly took the form of pilgrimages in the South, as at Lourdes. He spoke of his own work. Everywhere he had his Bible classes. Every week he addressed several hundred laymen. There is something very interesting in M. Bersier's own ecclesiastical development. He is working on lines which approximate very much to Anglicanism. For instance, he has introduced a Liturgy, and he has made the Holy Communion the principal office in his service. Many people thought that he was going to turn Roman Catholic. He had great hopes after the siege of Paris, that a more serious vein was being imported to the

Parisian character. But he owned that in this expectation he was disappointed. In his last volume (the seventh) he speaks with awe of the experiences of the Commune. He also mentions an interesting autobiographic fact. He mentioned that he had met a centenarian who spoke of the execution of Charlotte Corday more than ninety years before, and who could give every detail of what had happened.

I may at this point give another recollection from my experiences abroad.

When I was once staying at Darmstadt for a short time, I had a very interesting meeting with Prince Louis of Hesse. I owed the pleasure of this meeting to some English friends, resident at the time at Darmstadt.

It was in the new palace of that new town, which seems to eclipse and hide away the old town. It is a palace which was like Buckingham Palace on a reduced scale, a gift of the Queen, I understood, to the Prince and to the Princess Alice. It was from one of the windows that the little child fell and was killed, which almost broke the mother's heart. The Prince was delightfully kind and courteous, and talked English fluently, with occasional lapses into

German idioms, which were not at all ungraceful. He spoke much, and most naturally of "Alice."

He spoke of her good works, which, he said, he tried to carry on himself as well as he could, and in which he now had the help of an English lady. "If you go to her and say you come from me, she will be very kind, and explain everything to you." But the Prince explained them so well himself that I did not find it necessary to go any further. Her good works were principally of a three-fold kind. One of them lay in that systematic visitation of the sick and poor, which forms the very substratum of the Christian or philanthropic life. Another class of good works lay in schemes for the improvement of the condition of impoverished ladies. This was to be effected by a sale of the work of the poor ladies themselves and of work done by others on their behalf. Another kind of work was that of looking after poor children. The children were looked after by being visited in their homes, and the kindly relations were maintained with them in after times, as they went into situations or settled down in life. This reminded me somewhat of our own Friendly Girls' Society; but the Darmstadt organisation

seemed superior to our own, as it embraced boys as well as girls, being more persistent and thorough in its work. Perhaps our own friendly girls are too much given to discussing the quality of the beer and the characters of the mistresses.

The Grand Duke had various hunting-lodges in his territory; I think some seven or eight in all. In the grounds of one of them there was a very pleasant restaurant, the sort of thing which is indeed an absolute necessity. Several times abroad I have found in some grand *schloss* some rooms in the rear which are given up for the accommodation of tourists. I noticed a number of poor people carrying away to the town loads of sticks and underwood. The Prince was anxious to disclaim any merit of kindness. They were strictly within their legal right, he explained. It was an immemorial privilege which the poor possessed. He spoke of the new theatre and opera-house which was then approaching completeness in Darmstadt. He seemed much impressed with the importance of a good opera for his people, and the direct educational benefit which it conferred. The cheap opera of Continental towns would be an immense benefit in English provincial

centres. There is nothing wanted in the way of dress, and carriage, and expensive stalls, or by the finest music in the world at the lowest possible cost. The ladies go on quietly with their work, and get home at the normally early hour.

He showed me some of the contents of the beautiful room in which we were. The fine carpet was a present from his uncle, the Emperor of Russia. A fine stand of arms were brought together by a relative who, years before, had been with our army in India. Only the day before he had received a deer which had been sent to him from Windsor. It was very touching to hear his various references to "Alice." He said that since the death of his wife, the English people did not come in the same number to Darmstadt. He much hoped that they would come. There was a very good education to be obtained there. Then house-rents and provisions; the one was cheap and the other rather dear—I forget which was which—and he would be glad if I could send people to Darmstadt.

I have met with very few men who have impressed me so much as Prince Louis of Hesse. He is every inch a prince and a soldier, fresh, frank, and

courtly, tall and ruddy, with a look of great intelligence and sweetness, and a keen light in the eloquent eyes. The expression is one of simplicity, kindness, and manly good sense.

Previous to "the fatal kiss," the health of the Princess Alice had not been good for a long time, and it must be added that the little Court and limited scope which Darmstadt afforded, perhaps, hardly sufficed for that active intelligent spirit. In her days of lassitude, the Darmstadt people did not see much of the Princess, except, indeed, in her constant drives; but they understood fully that her mind and heart were ever at work for the interests of her adopted country. All adored her in their way. The Princess was an exquisite artist, a first-rate musician, and translated an English work, to which she wrote an introduction.

"It was a pleasant sight," I said to the Grand Duke, "to see so many people enjoying themselves under the shade of your trees at your *Schloss* at Kranichstein."

"Yes. But I do not stay much at Kranichstein; I find the place damp. I am now hunting at Wolfs-

garten. Yesterday I killed two very fine stags; one of them had ten antlers. I have a stag which I brought over from England. He had broken through his enclosure at Windsor. I have also imported partridges from England."

He showed me some fine pieces of armour.

"Most of these I collected myself. My uncle, the Emperor of Russia, gave me some. I travelled in Russia, as a young man, and collected others. These Indian arms were given me by a relative who was out in India in war-time, and was present at Sobraon. These carpets—these Royal Arms emblazoned—were given me by the Princess Elizabeth. These pictures"—they were portraits of George III. and his Queen, of George IV., and William IV.—'came back to us from Hambourg, after the Prussians had taken it."

A friend of mine was a correspondent of the Princess Alice, and after the death of the Princess, asked if she might be permitted to publish the letters. The Queen commanded that the letters should be submitted to her, and after perusing them, the Queen said that they should not be published. However,

those letters, or very similar letters, were published in Germany, and then there was no further objection to their appearance in an English garb.

The Princess Alice accidentally made the acquaintance of a Scottish gentleman in the woods, while she was engaged in sketching. The stranger, not knowing the exalted rank of his acquaintance, gave her some useful hints in her work, and went on to speak to her about higher things. The Princess was supposed to have been a great authoress and poetess.

I am unwilling to conclude this chapter without some mention, however slight and unworthy, of some ladies. It has been my happiness to have known many women, of each of whom the old saying is true, that it was "a liberal education to know her." I will only mention a special group of three Christian poetesses, of each of whom it may be said that her own life was her best poem.

One of the earliest of these was Fanny Havergal. She knew other members of my family much more intimately and longer. I remember spending a lovely day on the Malvern hills with her and some young friends of hers, "from morn till dewy eve." She was then a slight, fair girl, wearing her hair in

profuse ringlets, very bright and charming in manner, and altogether what may be called a sylphid appearance. She had inherited from her father, who had been one of the Worcester Cathedral clergy, remarkable musical ability, which one easily traces in the singular melodiousness of her compositions. She was as good as gold, but, at that early day, one could little have anticipated those sorrows and experiences that made her such an exponent of the Christian life.

I shall never forget that brilliant day at Malvern. Our party has been widely sundered—she alone by death—but it was an immortal day; one of the few of which I often think. I do not think that I ever met her again, but I constantly heard of her through those friends, and at times corresponded with her. I cannot even remember that I saw her when I was at her mother's house at Leamington. Whether she was really a great poetess I am not prepared to say, but many poets have quite failed to produce the immense effect which Fanny Havergal has produced. Some of her sacred poems have passed into the classics of the language, and have become the companions of multitudes of innocent, quiet hearts.

People who are not religious do not, as a rule, care

for religious poetry. How few are the critics of Shelley and Browning who are competent to discuss Cowper or Keble? Fanny Havergal's poetry, deficient in force and condensation, is full of tenderness, pathos, eloquence; and there are some poems of hers especially which have been wrought into the very being of many of her readers, and prove most helpful daily companions of their lives.

But, great as her influence undoubtedly was, she felt inclined to exaggerate it. Writing to her one day, I mentioned that I had found one of her poems of much use to me in the composition of a New Year's sermon. I thought that she would have taken this as an unusual and gratifying form of appreciation. She told me in her answer that she very seldom heard a sermon, but she found that clergymen had made some use of her poems. That was, of course, an exaggeration, though not without some basis of truth.

Fanny Havergal had some very noble, special gifts. She had not that strength of constitution or quality of brain that fitted her to be an active "worker," as the phrase goes, or to deal with economical and social questions. Hers was emphatically a service of song.

Not only was she an exquisite writer of poetry, but she shone as a vocalist and musician. Some of her musical compositions are very pleasing. Her direct object was to seek the religious good of every human being with whom she came in contact. When she was staying one night at the Monastery of St. Bernard, she charmed the monks and the visitors by singing to them some of the music of Handel's "Messiah." But much as she did, she desired to do more. A lady whom I knew, and who was Miss Havergal's greatest friend, had gone out at her own charges to do zenana work in India, and Miss Havergal had a great desire to throw herself into her friend's work. After her mother's death at Leamington she was left quite free to entertain the idea, but her own premature death cut short this and many other plans of usefulness.

Dora Greenwell was a delightful person. When I knew her she was living in a pretty villa at Clifton, which at that time had much literary society. It was rather a curious home. There was a little maid, a personal attendant, who hovered about her, and brought tea and coffee to her visitors. She was always absorbed in her reading and thinking. She seemed hardly to know the difference between day and night, or to take

count of the hour. I have found her sitting down to breakfast at two o'clock in the afternoon. Her talk would become rapid, low-voiced monologue, which it was sometimes difficult to follow with much distinctness. Everything she said was what one would have expected from the author of the "Carmina Crucis." The book about which she was busy at the time was her "Liber Humanitatis." So to speak, she had taken Clifton in her way from her old home at Durham to her final home at Westminster. She especially took under her wing the cases of the idiotic and imbecile.

When sojourning at Tenby, I used to meet with two personages who shone by what a Tenby lady called "a reflected blight." One was one of the Tennysons, who used to read his brother's, the Laureate's, poems with "deep-mouthed ohs and ahs," and whom I more than suspected of writing poetry himself. The other was Menella Smedley, the cousin of the well-known author of "Frank Fairleigh" and "Lewis Arundel." Menella Smedley was, I think, of a higher order of mind than her gifted invalid cousin. He could never have written the lovely poems that she composed. Her "Lady Grace" is very pretty, but the "Poems written for a Child" are,

I think, in their way perfect. She was one of the keenest and kindest of critics; one of the widest-minded and most generous women that ever lived, the most unselfish and the most considerate.

She inherited a large fortune from her cousin, very little of which she spent on herself. Her cousin was a great friend of a distinguished novelist, and he had promised my friend the novelist a legacy of five thousand pounds; the money, however, passed over to Miss Smedley, and the legacy was omitted. Wishing to do my friendly novelist a service, and knowing Miss Smedley's perfect justice, I mentioned the facts to her. She had some knowledge of them, and I believe her natural desire would be to transfer the sum to my friend. But she told me that the novelist had made literary capital of her cousin's infirmities, which she considered disentitled him to the legacy. So my literary friend, despite my efforts to serve him, lost five thousand pounds by a want of good taste.

I have noticed in all my lady poets an earnest desire to be of practical use in the world. It is as if they had been conscious that there was a danger of living an ideal life, and sought a counterpoise in relieving wants and weariness. Not content with

being a good angel in her own family, she greatly interested herself in the welfare of pauper children in the country. When I last met her she was living at Norwood, and told me of some committee of ladies with whom she was acting. "I was at one of our meetings the other day," she said, in her amusing way, "and I really thought that we were an ill-favoured sisterhood." She, a poetess, published a book which to most lovers of poetry would be dry and repellent, an edition, with Introduction and Notes, of the Blue Book Reports on Pauper Education. Having once very much objected to the boarding-out system, she came at last thoroughly to support it. She attached herself to Mr. Simon's staff, and visited and verified an immense number of cases. Hers was the true "enthusiasm of humanity," of which we have heard so much. There never were more striking instances than these gifted ladies, of the imaginative faculty being combined with practical aims and a system of daily goodness and self-denial.

L'ENVOI.

I MUST now bring these recollections to an end, feeling very conscious of their imperfections as a biography. A real biography should tell us as much of the inner as of the outer life; such a biography as we find in Wordsworth's "Prelude," or at least in the contemplative work of which the "Prelude" is part. It should speak of the intellectual, moral, and spiritual crises of the soul; it should trace the growth of ideas and the governing principles of action; it should embrace whole provinces of life, such as personal relationships and correspondence, from which I have studiously held aloof; it should embrace a frank confession of blunders and errors, of sins, ignorances, and negligences, of which I am not the less conscious because I have not sought to obtrude them on my readers. It is somewhat sad and solemn to take a retrospect of the vanished years. They have had many seasons

of interest and happiness, but like most better men, I am content that they should glide away, and have no wish that they should come over again. There would indeed be the "unintelligible burden of humanity," unless we regard this life in its higher aims and supernatural relationships. It is only in the Cross of Christ that there is any assurance of blessedness for the individual or for the race.

It may perhaps seem curious that in a clerical autobiography I have said so very little on the subject of religion. I have had my say on such subjects elsewhere, and, indirectly, I have kept it in view in these volumes. But we writers understand that in books of this sort we must refrain from sermonising. I am sure that biographical writers miss something, lose something of the reality of their subject, in so jealously tabooing all reference to religion. Wordsworth once acutely observed to Mr. De Vere, respecting Shakespeare, that he did not "assign as large a place to religious sentiment as enters into the constitution of human nature under normal circumstances. If his dramas had more religion in them they would be truer representations of man, as well as more elevated and of a more searching

interest." For my own part, I have mixed with all sorts and conditions of men, and have never shirked the subject of religion, and have done my best to promote discussion on these topics, which even on the literary and intellectual side are more fertile in interest than any other. Of course I carefully avoid anything that is merely goody-goody, and am as little hortatory as possible. I also always try, as much as may be, to put myself in the place of, and in the point of view of those with whom I am talking. Occasionally, very occasionally, one may meet with a rebuff, but I have often been surprised to find how very little reluctance there has been to come to close quarters on the deepest subjects. I have often met remarkable confidences of this kind, even in smoking-rooms and railway-carriages. There is an immense amount of latent Christianity, which, as time goes on, often becomes patent. While arguing with others whom I have felt, and, I think, felt rightly, to have been in the wrong, I have often been impressed and instructed, and, indeed, humbled, by the exhibition of patience, goodness, energy, far beyond my own. There is such a thing as the *mens naturaliter Christiana.*

Even the best things in life are so maimed and imperfect, and leave an infinite longing. I remember once spending a happy, a most deliciously happy time, in Florence; and it is an epoch in a man's life to spend even a short time in that city of flowers, that flower of cities. I made all the use that I could of my furlough that was running to its last sands, and could not but feel it rather hard that people should spend many weeks or months there and really not care very much for the treasures, and that one's own hours should be so limited and so brief. I took my broad views from Fiesole and San Miniato, and worked up the details as I best could. It was a lovely panorama, stretching across a landscape so crowded with associations that it became glorified and spiritualised, stretching onwards to the blue ridges of the Lucchese mountains in the golden west. Yes, it was very hard to have so few days in Florence! Of course I looked forward to returning and seeing Florence leisurely some future time, and to seeing many another glorious place that has been in my thoughts, if not with the fleshly eye. On this point I entertain a certain private "pious opinion" of my own. I know of a good old clergyman in England

who has never crossed the Channel, and some one was speaking to him of the glories of the Alps. "Yes," he answered, quietly, "I intend to take them *on my way up*." I believe that it may be a blessed employment for the soul, when liberated from the burden and limitations of the body, to accomplish the yearnings of the eye here unsatisfied with seeing, of the ear here unsatisfied with hearing; to be a witness of all that is most wonderful in Nature, of all that is most wonderful in man, "the roof and crown of things," with powers of insight and intelligence of which we can now form no conception.

And let me say here I have always endeavoured, though with only partial success, to cultivate in my own mind a sense of cheerfulness and of thanksgiving. I remember, as a young man, saying to a friend that I had gone through many troubles, and that with God's grace I hoped to go through many more. It was, perhaps, a presumptuous speech, but the underlying thought was this, that the discipline of divine love was necessary for the development of character. As Schubert says, that is only a light and superficial nature that has not undergone the education of trial and sorrow. I suppose it was this that flung the

music from his heart, as it has from many whose hearts have well-nigh broken in its expression. I have a most profound conviction of the goodness and love of God. I feel sure that God gives us all the good and happiness that we are capable of sustaining, but, unhappily, in the case of most of us, we are incapable of sustaining the good which He mercifully withholds. "Praise God and be cheerful," is an admirable motto. "I pray, thee, dear wife, be merry in God," wrote Sir Thomas More not long before he mounted the tyrant's scaffold. "My life," wrote Sir Thomas Browne, of Norwich, "is not so much a life as a miracle of thirty years' duration." Even in the most tried and chequered life there are abundant pauses of rest and compensations for evil. There come to men such blessed helpful seasons and moments, the sweetness of sunset and twilight, and all the tender ministries of Nature, the congenial gloom of the cathedral and library, the reading of noble books, the listening to noble music, the high converse of friends, the sessions of sweet, silent thoughts; the infinite variety of scenery and society, the sacred seasons of repentance, and prayer, and intercession, and meditation; the intense human interest

that gathers around children and friends and relations; all these are surely shadows and prophecies of the better hope, and the better land.

I am concluding my book at Mentone, in one of my seasons of obscuration, when the mistral, searching the shaded valleys, has for a time brought back the old ailment. But around is the glorious panorama of the olive-covered mountains and the sea, and the gardens are a blaze of flowers, and the orange and lemon groves are rich with their golden fruitage. Within doors there are friends, and books, and letters, and journals, and the blazing fires of olive-wood as the night closes in. So full of compensations and refreshment are the scenes of our pilgrimage. Above us there is the unshaken faith and the immortal hope.

> I have lived my life and that which I have done,
> May He, within Himself, make pure; but thou,
> If thou should'st never see my face again,
> Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
> Than this world dreams of.

THE END.

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